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### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

#### COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS. No. III.

**W**ITHIN a short distance of my own habitation stands a picturesque old church, remote from any town or hamlet, save that village of the dead contained within the precincts of its own sequestered burial-ground. It is however the parish church of a large rural district, comprising several small hamlets, and numerous farms and cottages, together with the scattered residences of the neighboring gentry; and hither (there being no other place of worship within the parish boundary) its population may be seen for the most part resorting on Sundays, by various roads, lanes, heath-tracks, coppice and field-paths, all diverging from that consecrated centre. The church itself, nearly in the midst of a very beautiful church-yard, rich in old carved headstones, and bright verdure, roofing the nameless graves—the church itself stands on the brow of a finely wooded knoll, commanding a diversified expanse of heath, forest, and cultivated land; and it is a beautiful sight on Sundays, on a fine autumn Sunday in particular, when the ferns are assuming their rich browns, and the forest trees their exquisite gradations of colour, such as no limner upon earth can paint—to see the people approaching in all directions, now winding in long straggling files over the open common, now abruptly disappearing amongst its innumerable shrubby declivities, and again emerging into sight through the boles of the old oaks that encircle the churchyard, standing in their majestic beauty, like sentinels over the slumbers of the dead. From two several quarters across the heath, approach the more

condensed currents of the living stream; one, the inhabitants of a far distant hamlet, the other, comprising the population of two smaller ones, within a shorter distance of the church. And from many lanes and leafy glades, and through many field-paths and stiles, advance small groups of neighbours, and families, and social pairs, and here and there a solitary aged person, who totters leisurely along, supported by his trusty companion, his stout oak staff, not undutifully consigned by his neglectful children to that silent companionship, but willingly loitering behind to enjoy the luxury of the aged, the warmth of the cheerful sun-beams, the serene beauty of nature, the fruitful aspect of the ripening corn-fields, the sound of near and mirthful voices, the voices of children and grandchildren, and a sense of quiet happiness, partaking surely of that peace which passeth all understanding.

And sometimes the venerable Elder comes, accompanied by his old faithful helpmate; and then they may be seen once more side by side, her arm again locked within his as in the days of courtship; not, as then, resting on his more vigorous frame, for they have grown old and feeble together; and of the twain, the burthen of years lies heaviest upon the husband, for his has been the hardest portion of labour. In the prime of life, during the full flush of his manly vigour, and of her healthful comeliness, he was wont to walk sturdily onward, discoursing between whiles with his buxom partner, as she followed with her little ones; but now they are grown up into men and wo-

men, dispersed about in their several stations, and have themselves young ones to care and provide for; and the old couple are, as it were, left to begin the world again, alone in their quiet cottage. Those two alone together, as when they entered it fifty years ago, bridegroom and bride—alone, but not forsaken—sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, as each can snatch an interval of leisure, or when the labours of the day are over, come dropping in under the honeysuckle porch, with their hearty greetings; and many a chubby great-grandchild finds its frequent way to Grannum's cottage; many a school truant, and many a "toddlin' wee thing," whose little hand can hardly reach the latch of the low wicket, but whose baby call of "flitcher in' noise an' glee" gains free and fond admittance. And now they are on their way together, the old man and his wife.—See!—they have just passed through the last field-gate leading thitherward to the church. They are on their way together towards the house of God, and towards the place where they shall soon lie down to rest "in sure and certain hope," and they lean on one another for mutual support; and would it not seem still, as they are thus again drawn closer together as they approach nearer to the term of their earthly union, as if it were a type and token of an eternal re-union in a better and a happier state? I love to gaze upon that venerable pair,—ay, even to note their decent, antiquated Sabbath raiment—what mortal tailor—no *modern one to be sure*—can have carved out that coat of indescribable colour—something of orange tawny with a reddish tinge—I suspect it has once been a rich Devonshire brown, and perhaps the wedding-suit of the squire's grandfather, for it *has had* a silk lining, and it *has been* trimmed with some sort of lace, gold probably, and there adown each side are still the resplendent rows of embossed, basket-work gilt buttons, as large as crown-pieces—it must have been the Squire's grandfather's wedding-suit. And how snowy-white, and how neatly plaited is the single edge of his old dame's plain mob cap, surmounted by that little

black poke bonnet, flounced with rusty lace, and secured upon her head, not by strings, but by two long black corking-pins. That bit of black lace, of *real* lace, is a treasured remnant of what once trimmed her mistress's best cloak, when she herself was a blithe and buxom lass, in the days of her happy servitude; and the very cloak itself, once a rich mode silk of ample dimensions, now narrowed and curtailed to repair with many cunning engraftings, the ravages of time—the very cloak itself, with a scrap of the same lace frilled round the neck, is still worn on Sundays, through the Summer and Autumn, till early frosts and keener winds pierce through the thin old silk, and the good red-hooded cloak is substituted in its stead. They have reached the church-yard wicket; they have passed through it now, and wherefore do they turn aside from the path, a few steps beyond it, and stop and look down upon that grassy hillock? It is no recent grave, the daisies are thickly matted on its green sod, and the heap itself has sunk to a level nearly even with the flat ground. The little head-stone is half-buried too, but you may read thereon the few words, the only ones ever engraven there—"William Moss, aged 22." Few living now remember William Moss. Few at least think of him. The playmates of his childhood, the companions of his youth, his brothers and sisters, pass weekly by his lonely grave, and none turn aside to look upon it, or to think of him who sleeps beneath. But in the hearts of his parents, the memory of their dead child is as fresh as their affections for their living children. He is not *dead to them*, though, eight-and-twenty years ago, they saw that turf heaped over his coffin—over the coffin of their eldest born. He is not dead to them, and every Sabbath-day they tarry a moment by his lowly grave, and even now, as they look thereon in silence, does not the heart of each parent whisper as if to the sleeper below,—“My son! we shall go to thee, though thou shalt not return to us.”

Look down yonder under those arching hawthorns! what mischief is confederating there, amongst those sun-



burnt, curly-pated boys, clustering together over the stile and about it, like a bunch of swarming bees? The confused sound of their voices is like the hum of a swarm too, and they are debating of grave and weighty matters; of nuts ripening in thick clusters down in Fairlee Copse, of trouts of prodigious magnitude leaping by the bridge below the Mill-head; of apples—and the young heads crowd closer together, and the buzzing voices sink to a whisper—"Of cherry-cheeked apples hanging just within-reach of one who should climb upon the roof of the old shed, by the corner of the south wall of Squire Mills's orchard." Ah Squire Mills! I would not give sixpence for all the apples you shall gather off that famous red-streak to-morrow. But who comes there across the field towards the stile? a very youthful couple—Sweethearts, one should guess, if it were not that they were so far asunder, and look as if they had not spoken a word to each other this half hour. Ah! they were not so far asunder before they turned out of the shady lane into that open field, in sight of all the folk gathering into the churchyard, and of those mischievous boys, one of whom is brother to that pretty Fanny Payne, whose downcast looks, and grave, sober walk, so far from the young miller, will not save her from running the gauntlet of their teasing jokes as she passes—and pass she must, through the knot of conspirators. Never mind it, Fanny Payne! Put a good face on the matter, and above all, beware of knitting up that fair brow into anything like a frown, as you steal a passing glance at that provoking brother of yours; it will only bring down upon you a thicker shower of saucy jests.—See! see! that little old man, so old and shrivelled, and lean and wizen, and mummy coloured; he looks as if he had been embalmed and inhumed a century ago, and had just now walked out of his swathing bands, a specimen of the year one thousand seven hundred and ten. His periwig is so well plastered with flour and hog's lard, that its large sausage side curls look as durably consistent, as the "eternal buckles cut in Parian stone" that have immortaliz-

ed Sir Cloudesley Shovel; and from behind dangles half-way down his back, a long taper pig-tail, wound round with black ribbon, the which, about half-way, is tied into an elegant rosette.—On the top of that same periwig is perched a diminutive cocked hat—with such a cock! so fierce! so triangular! the little squat crown so buried within its triple fortification! The like was never seen, save in the shape of those coloured sugar comfits called cock'd-hats, that are stuck up in long glasses in the confectioners' windows, to attract the eyes of poor longing urchins; and his face is triangular too, the exact centre of his forehead where it meets the periwig, being the apex thereof—his nose is triangular—his little red eyes are triangular—his person is altogether triangular, from the sloping narrow shoulders, to where it widens out, corresponding with the broad square fantail flaps of that green velveteen coat. He is a walking triangle! and he carries his cane behind him, holding it with both hands wide apart, exactly parallel with the square line of his coat-flaps. See! he is bustling up to join that small group of substantial farmers, amongst whom he is evidently a person of no small consequence; they think him, "as one should say, Sir Oracle," for he knows every fluctuation of stocks to a fraction—criticizes the minister's discourses—expounds the prophecies—explains all about the milleniums and the number of the beast—foretells changes of weather—knows something of physic and surgery—gives charms for the ague and rheumatiz—makes ink—mends pens, and writes a wonderful fine hand, with such flourishes, that without taking his pen off the paper, he can represent the figures of Adam and Eve, in the involutions composing the initial capitals of their names! He is "Sir Oracle," and not the less so, because people do not exactly know what he has been, and where he comes from. Some think he has been a schoolmaster—others conjecture that he has been a doctor of some sort, or a schemer in mechanics, about which he talks very scientifically—or in the funds—or in some foreign commercial concern, for he has

certainly lived long in foreign parts, and is often heard talking to his old grey parrot in some outlandish tongue, and the bird seems to understand it well, and replies in the same language.

There are not wanting some, who suspect that he has not been always in his perfect mind ; but however that may be, he is perfectly harmless now, and has conducted himself unexceptionably ever since he came to settle in the village of Downe, ten years ago. In all that time he has never been known to receive within his dwelling any former friend or kinsman, and he has never stirred beyond the boundary of the parish, but to go once a-year to the banker's in the nearest town, to receive a small sum of money, for which he draws on a mercantile house in Lombard Street. He boards and lodges with a widow, who has a neat little cottage in the village, and he cultivates the finest polyanthus and auriculars in the flower-plot, of which she has yielded up the management to him, that were ever beheld in that neighbourhood. He is very fond of flowers, and dumb animals, and children ; and also the children in the place love him, and the old white Pomeranian dog, blind of one eye, who follows his master everywhere except to church. Now you know as much as I or any one knows of Master Jacob Marks, more, perhaps, than was worth telling, but I could not leave such an original subject half-sketched.

Behold that jolly-looking farmer and his family approaching up the green lane that leads from their habitation, that old substantial-looking farm-house yonder, half embowered in its guardian elms.

They are a portly couple, the farmer and his wife ! He, a hale, florid, fine looking man, on whose broad open brow time has scarcely imprinted a furrow, though it has changed to silky whiteness the raven hue of those locks, once so thickly clustered about his temples. There is a consciousness of wealth and prosperity, and of rural consequence, in his general aspect and deportment ; but if he loves the good things of this world, and prides himself in possessing them,

there is nothing in the expression of his countenance that bespeaks a selfish and narrow heart, or a covetous disposition. He looks willing to distribute of his abundance, and greetings of cordial goodwill, on both sides, are exchanged between the farmer and such of his labourers as fall into the same path, in their way to the church. Arm-in-arm with her spouse marches his portly helpmate, fat, florid, and, like himself, "redolent" of the good things of this world, corn, and wine, and oil, that sustaineth the heart of man, and maketh him of a cheerful countenance.

A comely and a stately dame is the lady of Farmer Buckwheat, when, as now, she paces by his side, resplendent in her Sunday-going garb, of ample and substantial materials, and all of the very best that can be bought for money. One can calculate the profits of the dairy and the bee-hives, the pin-money of the farmer's lady—not to mention his weightier accumulations—by the richness of that black satin cloak and bonnet, full trimmed with real lace, and by the multitudinous plaits of that respectable-looking snuff-coloured silk gown and coat.

It is true, her old-fashioned prejudices would have been in favour of a large double silk handkerchief, pinned neatly down, and a flowered chintz gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes over a white quilted petticoat ; but the worthy dame has two fair daughters, and they have been brought up at a boarding-school, and they have half-coaxed, half-teazed their Ma'a out of such antiquated vulgar tastes, though even those pertinacious reformists have been obliged to concede the point of a pelisse in favour of the satin cloak. But when they have conceded one point, they have gained at least two. See, the old lady's short sleeves, neatly frilled just below the elbow, are elongated down to the wrists, and finished there by a fashionable cuff, out of which protrudes the red, fat, fubsy hand, with short dumpty fingers nubbed between, broad and turning up at the tips, looking as if they had been created on purpose to knead dough, press curds,



and put up butter ; and, lo ! on the fore-finger of the right hand a great garnet ring set in silver, massy enough for the edge of a soup tureen. It is an heir-loom from some great-grand-mother, who was somehow related to somebody who was first cousin to a "*Barrow-knight*," and was herself so very rich a lady—and so the misses have rummaged it out, and forced it down upon their Ma'a's poor dear fat finger, which sticks out as stiffly from the sensation of that unwonted compression, as if it were tied up and poulticed for a whitlow ; and the poor lady, in spite of all hints and remonstrances, will walk with her gloves dangling *in* her hands, instead of *on* them ; and altogether the short pillowy arms cased up in those tight cearments, with both hands and all the fingers spread out as if in act to swim, look, for all the world, like the fins of a turtle, or the flaps of a frightened gosling. Poor worthy dame ! but a sense of conscious grandeur supports her under the infliction of this fashionable penance. And then come the Misses Buckwheat, mincing delicately in the wake of their Pa'a and Ma'a, with artificial flowers in their Leghorn bonnets, sky-blue spencers, fawn-coloured boots, flounces up to their knees, a pink parasol in one hand, and a pocket-handkerchief dangling from the other ; not neatly folded and carried with the handsome prayer-book in the pretty fashion that so well becomes that fair modest girl, their neighbour's daughter, whose profound ignorance of fashionable dress and manners is looked on as quite pitiable, "poor thing !" by the Misses Buckwheat. For what are *they* intended, I wonder ! For farmers' wives ? To strain milk, churn butter, fat pigs, feed poultry, weigh out cheeses, and cure bacon hogs ? Good lack ! They paint landships ! and play on the piano ! and dance quadrilles ! and make bead purses ! and keep Albums ! and doat on Moore's Melodies and Lord Byron's poems ! They are to be "tutoresses," or companions, or—something or other—*very genteel*—*Ladies*, for certain, anyway. So they have settled themselves, and so the

weak, doating mother fondly anticipates, though the father talks as yet only of their prosperous establishment (all classes talk of establishing young ladies now,) as the wives of wealthy graziers, or substantial yeomen, or farmers, or thriving tradesmen. But he drinks his port wine and follows the hounds. And then bringing up the rear of the family procession, lounges on its future representative, its sole son and heir. And he is a smart buck, far too genteel to walk arm-in-arm with his sisters ; so he saunters behind, cutting off the innocent heads of the dangling brier-roses, and the tender hazel shoots, with that little jemmy switch, wherewith ever and anon he flaps the long-looped sides of his yellow topped boots ; and his white hat is set knowingly on one side, and he wears a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and fastened down to the shirt bosom by a shining brooch,—and waistcoat of three colours, pink, blue, and buff,—a grass-green coat, with black velvet collar, and on his little finger, (the wash leather glove is off on that hand,) a Belcher ring as thick as the coil of a ship's cable. Well done, young Hopeful ! That was a clever aim ! There goes a whole shower of hazel-tops. What a pity your shearing ingenuity is not as active among the thistles in your father's fields ! The family has reached the church-gate ; they are entering now ; and the farmer, as he passes through, vouchsafes a patronizing nod, and a good-humoured word or two, to that poor widow and her daughter, who stand aside holding the gate open for him, and dropping humble curtsies to every member of the family. The farmer gives them now and then a few days' work,—hoeing, weeding, or stoning, or, at hay or harvest time, on his broad acres ; but his daughters wonder "Pa'a should demean himself so far as to nod familiarly to such poor objects." *They* draw up their chins, flirt their handkerchiefs, and pass on as stiff as poker. And last, in straggles Master Timothy—(He hates that name, by the by, and wishes his sponsors had favour-

ed him with one that might have shortened buckishly into Frank, or Tom, or—*Tim* won't do, and his sisters scout the barbarous appellation, and have re-christened him "*Alonzo*." They would fain have bestowed on him the name of Madame Cottin's interesting Saracen, Malek Adhel, but it was impossible to teach their mamma the proper pronounciation of that word, which she persisted in calling "*Molly Coddle*")—In straggles Timothy Alonzo, but he is even more condescending than his papa, and bestows a very tenderly expressive glance at the widow's daughter, as she drops her eyes, with her last and lowest curtesy to him.

Well, they are gone by, thank Heaven! and the poor woman and her child follow at humble distance to their Master's house.—They will not always be abased there. The widow Maythorn and her daughter Rachel are a very poor, but a very happy pair. Her daughter is sickly and delicate, and folks say, in our country phrase, "hardly so sharp as she should be," but she has sense enough to be a dutiful child, to suffer meekly, to hope humbly, to believe steadfastly.—What profiteth other knowledge? The mother and daughter possess a little cottage, a bit of garden, and a cow that picks its scanty pasture on the waste. They work hard, they want often, but they contrive to live, and are content. The widow Maythorn and her daughter are a happy pair!—Yonder, winding slowly up that shady green lane, come the inmates of the parish work-house—the in-door poor. First, the master, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, with somewhat of pompous sternness in his deportment; but there is nothing hard or cruel in the expression of his eye, as ever and anon he looks back along the line of paupers, of all ages and sexes, so decently marshalled under his command. On the contrary, he hangs back, to speak a few words of hearty encouragement to that weary old man, who totters along so feebly on his crutches, under the burden of his fourscore years of toil and trouble, and the in-

creasing load of his bodily infirmities. And the grateful look of old Matthew, and his cheerful, "Lord love ye, master!" are eloquent vouchers, that for once, the man "armed with a little brief authority" abuseth not his trust. The mistress has less dignity, but more severity of aspect, as her sharp, quick glance runs back often and suspiciously along the line of females—and she calls them peremptorily to order, if their voices are heard too voluble; and she rebukes the straggling children, and denounces exemplary vengeance against those two detected urchins in particular—detected in the misdemeanor of skulking behind to pull those tempting clusters of almost ripe nuts, that peep so invitingly from the high hazel hedge. But her denunciations are not listened to, it should appear, with any very vehement demonstrations of dread. I believe o' my conscience, "her bark is waur than her bite;" and that half her terrors lie in that long, sharp, bowsprit nose, those little red gimblet eyes, and in the sound of a voice, shrill, cracked, and squeaking, like the tone of a penny trumpet. Very neat, decent, and respectable is the appearance of the long line of parish poor. They are all comfortably clad in whole and clean apparel; and even that poor idiot, who brings up the rear, straggling in and out of the file of children,—who can restrain his vagaries? Even he is clothed in good grey woollen, and a whole new hat, in lieu of the scarlet tatters, and old battered soldier's helmet, with its ragged red and white feather, in which he delights to decorate his poor little deformed figure on week-days, calling himself corporal, captain, general, or drum-major, as the whim of the moment rules his wayward fancy,—each grade, as he assumes it, the most honourable in his estimation. They are passed on, all of them—men, women, and children—the two culprits still lagging in the rear—I wager they have another pluck at the forbidden fruit, on their way back to the work-house.

More children still! marshalled in double files—boys and girls, three scores at least; each sex uniformly



clad; the master and mistress leading the van of their respective divisions.—That is the subscription charity school, and the children have just donned their new clothing, and—do but see! poor urchins! what hogs in armour some of them look like? good clothing it is—warm and decent, and of durable material;—thick grey frieze for the boys, with dark blue worsted hose, and black beaver hats—*black* hats at least; and for the girls, grogram gowns, and wild-boar petticoats—(reader, did you ever hear of such materials?) and stiff enough they are, Heaven knows; and as the things are all sent down ready made from a London warehouse, they are of necessity pretty much of the same size, as having the better chance to *fit*, or, at all events, to *do* for all. So you shall see a poor little boy muffled up in a coat, that looks like his grandfather's great-coat, the flaps of which dangle almost to the ground; the collar is turned half way down his back, or it would mount up so high as to bury his head, which is indeed already buried, under a hat, the brim of which rests upon his shoulders and the bridge of his nose; and when he hangs down his arms, you cannot see so much as the tip of his fingers peeping from within those long enormous sleeves. To complete the picture of comfort, he skuffs along in a pair of shoes, the stiff upper leathers of which reach up to the middle of his shins, and the poor little legs stick in them like two chumpers in a couple of butter churns. Altogether he looks like a dangling scarecrow set up in a corn-field.

But then, the little muffled man presents a fine contrast to his along-side mate. His long-tailed coat makes him a short jacket. His arms are squeezed through the sleeves, to be sure, but then they stick out like wooden pins on either side, with excessive tightness; and there, see, dangles half a yard of red, lean wrist, and all the blood in his body seems forced down into those great blue bony knuckles. It was a good hearty thump, certes, that jammed down that stiff skimming-dish of a hat, even to where it now reaches on his unlucky

pate. The great flat *unhemmed* red ears stick out from under it, like two red cabbage leaves; and for his shoes!—The blacksmith would have shod him better, and have inflicted less pain in the operation; for, see! his feet are doubled up in them, into the form of hoofs, and he hobbles along, (poor knave!) like a cat in pattens, or as if the smooth green lane were paved with red-hod flints. And the girls are not much better off; some draggle long trains after them, and have waists down to their hips; others are well-nigh kilted; and that long lanky-girl there, Jenny Andrews, would reveal far more than a decent proportion of those *heron* legs of hers, were it not that she has ingeniously contrived to tie the wild-boar petticoat a reef below the grogram gown, thereby supplying the deficiencies of the latter. Well! they are all new clothed, however—spick and span—and all very proud of being so, even he of the crumpled-up toes, who will soon poke his way through those leathern fetters, and in the meantime, limps along in contented misery. “New clothes!” thinks he—“Good clothes! handsome clothes!” thinks Madam Buckwheat.—“Fine clothes! fashionable clothes!” think the Misses Buckwheat.—“Brave clothes! pretty clothes!” thinks the poor idiot, when Monday comes, and he is allowed to resume his old scarlet tatters. All are puffed up with the self-same species of conceit, variously modified, and so are many greater, and many finer folks than *they*—ay, and many wiser ones too—many more talented. Witness Goldsmith, in his peach-blossom coat, and Johnson, (who ridiculed the poor poet's puerile vanity,) in his gala suit of fine brown broad-cloth. One spread his tail like a peacock, and strutted about to show off its gaudy colours; the other, arrayed like the bird of wisdom, in grave and sombre plumage, was equally proud of the dignity it conferred, and oraculously opined, that a gentleman was twice a gentleman in a full dress suit. Vanity! vanity! thou universal leaven! from what human heart art thou absolutely excluded?

Hark! the trampling of horses, and

the sound of wheels. The Squire's carriage sweeps round the corner of the churchyard. He and his family arrive thus early, that the horses may be stabled in that long low shed, appropriated for the purpose, and the servants ready to enter the church at the same time with their master, and to partake with him of the benefit and comfort of the confession and absolution. Some people seem to consider those parts of the service as a mere prelude, a sort of overture as hacknied, and about as solemn, as that to *Lo-doiska*; and if they reach their pews by the time they are half over, it is well. As for the servants; what can it signify to them? There alights another carriage load—and another—and another—and the comers in a car, and in two tax-carts, and on sundry steeds; and there the patrician party is congregating together round the great east door; and there stands the clerk, with hat in hand, peering down the vicarage-lane, under the pent-house of his other shading hand, for the first glimpse of the minister. Now! he descries the white face of the old roan mare. Another look, to be sure; it is indeed that sober-footed palfrey, bearing her reverend burthen, and then he turns hastily into the bell-fry; and immediately the cracked chimes subside into a few quick single

strokes, announcing the near approach of the clergyman, and the speedy commencement of divine service. That fine ruddy lad, with the white smock-frock, has been immoveably posted at the churchyard wicket for the last half hour. His patience will accomplish its purpose; he is the first to start forward, (hat in hand, and smoothing down his glossy yellow hair,) to receive the bridle of the old man, which the vicar resigns into the hands of careful Will, with the usual charges, and a smile, and a few words of kind notice. The minister has passed into the vestry; the clerk has followed him; a few more strokes, and the bell ceases; a few more seconds, and the churchyard is left to its lonely silence, and to its quiet occupants; and the living are gathered together within those sacred walls, to hear the words of eternal life, on the surety whereof, the sleepers without (with whom they must one day lie down in the dust) have been committed to their narrow beds "in sure and certain hope."

But my discourse purported to be of Churchyards only; and I have rambled from the text. No matter; I am come (as we all must) to the churchyard at last, and my next chapter shall be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs."

### BALLAD.

#### I.

Oh! for that manly soul of old,  
Who sung with heart-felt glee:—  
"My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.  
Let landsmen say each shining wave  
May death be, while we rove;  
'Tis true, but dearer far that grave,  
Than woman's fickle love.  
Swell on, thou breeze, and fleet unfold  
My sails' white wings to flee;  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.

#### II.

"Oh! what can be a lovelier sight  
Than yon concave of blue,  
The waves all sparkling in the light  
The beams of golden hue?  
My canvass shines like purest snow,  
My streamers in the sun

Seem crimson wings, and to and fro  
The shrieking sea-birds run.  
Long, long may I o'er ocean roll'd,  
Sing on with heart-felt glee,  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.

#### III.

"From boy to man, I learn'd to prize  
The freedom of the deep;  
I've sail'd beneath far sultry skies,  
I've seen the snow-drift's heap.  
No woman's love allur'd my heart  
From its accustom'd rest,  
The joys to meet, and pangs to part,  
Lie unwak'd in this breast.  
I would not change for heaps of gold  
This life that suits the free;  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea."



## HEART'S EASE.

1.

I used to love thee, simple flow'r,  
To love thee dearly when a boy;  
For thou did'st seem, in childhood's hour,  
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

2.

But now thou only mock'st my grief  
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled;  
Give me—give me the withered leaf;  
That falls on Autumn's bosom—dead.

4.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
But warns me what I soon shall be;  
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,  
But points unto futurity.

4.

I love thee not, thou simple flow'r,  
For thou art gay and I am lone—  
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
The hearts' ease from my path is gone.

## CONTRASTED SCENES.

IT has ever been considered an interesting task to contrast the scenes and circumstances of human life, occurring at distant intervals. I would make these contrasts more immediate, and show that one day, nay a few hours, which are often the epitomes of the longest existence, may produce events as violently opposed to each other as if they had been divided by a thousand years. The joy-expectant lover has seen his young bride fall dead at the altar;—the mother who rocked her babe to sleep in her arms has found it ere an hour has elapsed lifeless on her bosom, passing away from the earth and its unhappiness without a sigh, but leaving its frantic parent to agony and despair. The aged man, whose boys were the support and luxury of his existence, has by some dire calamity been suddenly deprived of them, and followed their bodies to the grave, with tottering steps and heart-broken feelings. The lips of the sensualist have turned cold upon the glowing cheek of his paramour, and found poison in the cup which seemed mantling with pleasure and with hope. We may reverse the picture, and see the husband come back to his weeping wife, who had mourned for him as dead; the supposed criminal on the eve of an ignominious death proved innocent, and restored to the presence and affection of his friends and relatives; the bankrupt in hope and fortune by some unexpected change exalted to

joy and prosperity; and the drowning wretch caught as he is sinking for the last time into the wide-mouthed waters. These reflections are conjured up by the remembrance of circumstances which, although they happened many years ago, can never be obliterated from my mind. I will state them. It was a cold but fine afternoon in November that I was travelling on horseback in one of the most retired and romantic parts of England. As evening drew on, a sense of loneliness and danger began to creep over me—for there is a startling something in solitude which I have no doubt all have felt, but which most people are ashamed to acknowledge, even to themselves. I was on a rough and unfrequented road far distant from the habitations of men, and yearned to see a human being and hear the sound of a human voice. The night came on—stormy and dark. The winds raised their loud voices, like the curses of the tempest, over the distant waters. The clouds hung gloomily above like shrouds over nature's dead serenity, and the owl shrieked to the sleepless echo of the hills. I put spurs to my horse and galloped on until I found, from the increasing darkness, that I could neither see the road which I had traversed, nor the one on which I was proceeding. Prudence taught me to change my pace, and I walked my horse cautiously, fearing every moment, as I did not know the road, that I was on the edge of some precipice,

or that some broken stump or fallen tree lay in my way. So painful did my sensations become at last, that I made up my mind to dismount, and lie down on the road until morning. I groped about, and at length found a tree, to which I fastened the bridle, and seated myself at a little distance from my only companion. The few minutes that I remained there were like hours. I endeavoured to think of other scenes which might banish the idea of that in which I was an unwilling actor; but all would not avail. The gloom of the present hung over the radiance of the past; and if a ray broke through for a moment, it was as instantly obscured again. I arose and loosened the bridle, for this inactive security was more annoying to me, than moving onward even under a sense of danger. I proceeded, however, as slowly as before, expecting that I must, in a short time, come to some small inn, or, at least, a road-side cottage. But I saw no light, and heard not even a dog bark in the silence of the night. On a sudden my horse started from his course and neighed loudly. I felt him trembling under me, and suspected that I was on the brink of some pit. I alighted, and with great difficulty held my horse whilst I groped about the spot from which he had just recoiled. As I moved my hands along the ground, my blood grew chill with horror, and my heart sickened within me. My right hand had passed over the cold face of some dead, perhaps murdered, person. I sank back and involuntarily clung to the neck of my horse. It was an action arising from fear and from a dreadful feeling of solitariness. In the absence of human sympathies there is a comfort in any living companionship. I found it so. The certainty that I had a breathing creature near me, although not of my own species, gave me courage. I went again towards the spot where the body lay, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the least symptom of life remained. I placed my hand upon the forehead—it was cold; I drew it across the mouth—there was not a breath; I pressed it upon the

heart—it was still. Warmth, and respiration, and motion had departed for ever, and only the mortal and drossy portion of man lay before me. There was no pulsation—no vitality. I knew not what to do. I thought if the poor wretch who was lying dead at my feet had been murdered, which appeared far from improbable, my having passed that way at night, and for no ostensible purpose as it might seem, would perhaps implicate me as an accessory to, or even a principal in, the crime; and a number of cases in which persons had been convicted on circumstantial evidence crowded upon my mind. The idea of being even examined as a witness agitated and perplexed me. My resolution, however, was soon taken. With great difficulty I got my horse forward, and rode on at a round trot, careless of the danger to which I had before been so sensitive, and determining to give the alarm at the first place to which I might come. I had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, when to my great joy and relief I beheld a light straight onwards, which seemed to be moving towards me. As it approached nearer I perceived that it proceeded from a lantern, which was held by a young man in a small cart, while another, a little older, guided the horse. On seeing me, they instantly drew up and asked in an earnest and anxious tone of voice whether I had seen anybody on the way, telling me at the same time that his father had gone with a neighbour to C—— that morning to collect some money and had not returned. The question made me shudder, for I immediately thought of what had so recently occurred, and I could not help imagining that it was the dead body of their father which I had left on the road behind me. My voice trembled as I told them of all that had happened, and I saw the faces of the poor lads turn pale as I recounted it. "Our dear father is dead!" cried the youngest, and burst into tears. "Nay! nay!" said his brother, "it's ill weeping till there's need o't. He was to ha' come back wi' Johnny Castleton, and Johnny is



no' the man to leave him on the roadside, alive or dead." This seemed to comfort his brother, but it did not convince me. I had a presentiment hanging like a cloud about my heart, and I felt assured that a bitter trial awaited them. Although nearly exhausted, I willingly agreed to return with them. I rode beside the cart, until we came to the fatal spot; my horse started as before, and I called to them to stop, for I was a little ahead. The youngest sprang out, held the lantern to the face of the corse, and fell back with a loud shriek. I shall never forget the chill that ran through me when I heard the calm silence of the night broken by the cry of a son who mourned his father—the voice of the living calling to the dead. The winds had died away, and there was a dreary stillness over the whole scene. The pulse of nature was stopped: and it seemed as if her mighty heart had perished. The elder son did not shed a tear, but it was evident that he felt acutely what had befallen him. His was the deeper grief that tears could not obliterate:

A grief that could not fade away  
Like tempest clouds of April day;  
A grief that hung like blight on flowers,  
Which passeth not with summer showers.

As they both stood inactive, I took up the corse myself and placed it in the cart. There were, as far as I could judge, not the least signs of violence about it, and death seemed to have reached it in the midst of calmness and serenity, for a smile lingered even then on the pallid face, and the brow was unruffled and unknit. After a little while they got in the cart, and we went forward in silence. When we came near their dwelling, which was a small farmhouse, a short distance from the high road, I left them to break the melancholy tidings to their widowed mother; and, resisting their invitation to remain there, I rode on towards N—— ferry, which they told me was about a mile farther, and where there was a tolerable inn. They lent me their lantern, which I was to leave for them at the ferry-house, and I cantered along an almost straight

road until I came in sight of the inn. As I approached nearer, I heard sounds of mirth and revelry, and in the disturbed state of my feelings they came upon my ear like sportive music at a funeral, or a joyous song echoing from a house of mourning. Having seen my horse well provided for, I entered the public room, where there were several farmers drinking, smoking, and singing; their united powers appeared to have clouded the ideas and thickened the speech of them all, but of one in particular who had just been bawling out part of a song in praise of his greatest enemy—the bottle; but the combined fumes of the leaf and the liquor were upon his memory, and he stopped just as I entered the room. "Never break off in the midst of a good song, neighbour (cried a portly florid looking man who seemed to act as president among them,) never leave a jug or a song until there's not a drop left in the one nor a note in the other. Sing on, man! sing on." "Ay! it is an easy thing to say, Barney Thomson" (muttered the unsuccessful vocalist,) but the rest is clean out of my head." "Ye ha' sung well so far, and we'll ha' the end o't; (exclaimed Barney) —Come! I'll help ye on wi't:

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best  
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest,  
Than pillow and rest, than pillow and rest,  
A pipe of——"

"Dang it (cried a little grazier-looking fellow who was nursing his knees at the fire) it's twelve pence wi' one and a shilling wi' the other. Ye know the song, Barney, just as well as your neighbour, and no better. I have still a clear noddle, and I'll sing it to ye.

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best  
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest;  
We'll smoke and we'll drink, if it be but to spite  
The devil who comes in the shape of the night.  
In ale, good ale, the fiend we'll drown,  
And empty our pipes on his raven crown.

Give me the mug, Tommy Barker, for I think it's ill singing wi' a dry throat. Gentlemen all, here's a merry season to you and good cattle to me. And now for the next verse

A pipe of tobacco, and ale of ——

No! no! that I gave before; let's see. Ay! ay! that's it—

We'll smoke and we'll drink —

It won't do, though I am sure I knew the whole song awhile ago. It won't do!"

He said truly. He had not only forgotten the words, but was at each new attempt giving us a variation on the old air to which they were adapted. There was evidently a screw loose in the machinery of his brain, and his memory was out of order. He then tried another song, but with as little success; and at last the whole company began to sing what is called a Dutch medley, and I thought it time to escape from their company as fast as I could. I threw myself on my bed, but could not sleep. The scenes which I had lately witnessed, differing so widely from each other, yet happening in such close succession, still haunted me. The striking contrast of lonely agony and boisterous mirth; of dark secluded roads, and the light and cheerful parlour with its blazing fire and laughing inmates, kept me awake for some time; and when I at length fell into an un-

easy slumber, dreams of terror and anxiety oppressed me. The song of the toppers for a moment dwelt in my imagination, but their voices seemed to be dying away, and the cry of the youth who had lost his father burst upon my ear. I awoke in horror, and heard persons running to and fro beneath my chamber, and loud but agitated whispers, and then groans and frequent sobbings. I sprang from my bed, hastily dressed myself, and, on reaching the ground floor, found a scene offering as strong a contrast to the second I have described, as the second offered to the first. Of all those who but a few hours before had "made the Can their confidant," and laughed, and sung, and talked without a thought of sorrow; of all those who had spoken of finding eternity of life in the bowl and the ale cup, and oblivion of care in the fragrance of the tobacco leaf; of all those, one alone had escaped to tell the fate of his companions, who by their own carelessness and imprudence had perished, whilst crossing the river, miserably perished, in drunkenness and despair.

#### ELEGY.

A SHADOW on my spirit fell,  
When my hush'd footstep from thee pass'd;  
And sad to me thy mild farewell,  
To me, who fear'd it was thy last;  
And when I saw thee next, a veil  
Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strew'd thee in thy narrow bed  
With roses from thy own loved bowers:  
In melting anguish Memory fled  
Back to thy valued rural hours:  
And saw thee gently gliding round,  
Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,  
Was with thee in thy slow decays;  
He answered to her dying prayer,  
Whose life had been a hymn of praise:  
Thy God was nigh—thy Shepherd-God,  
With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid:  
Rest—till their change and thine shall come;  
Still voices whisper through the shade;  
A light is glimmering round the tomb;  
The temple rends! the sleep is ended—  
The dead are gone, the pure ascended!



## AMERICAN FINE ARTS—PECULIARITIES—PAINTINGS.

**T**HERE is one quality in the North American character which is generally overlooked, and which I have never perceived in that of any other people to the same degree. It is a sort of serious versatility. The French have a greater, or rather a pleasanter sort, and accommodate themselves more readily to circumstances; and the ancient Greek had an excess of what we call versatility in his temper and power. But, in the Frenchman, it is more of a constitutional habit, a more trivial and less respectable property, than it is in the American; although, to my notion, a thousand-fold more agreeable. And, in the versatility of the Greek, there was always more of the bright, changeable caprice of genius—more of the spiritual, more of heroic audacity, and less of steady, invincible determination, than in that of the North American.

The Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a light and brilliant character. It is the smallest possible coinage that *can* be made use of, which a Frenchman will contrive to disburse in any extremity. He would maintain himself, though he had been a general officer, or peer of the realm at home, if he were shipwrecked upon a foreign shore, by expedients of which none but a Frenchman would ever dream; nay, give him but one of the silver pennies which are distributed here on his Majesty's birth-day, and I would answer for him, in a strange country, if there were no other way, he would maintain himself by making plaster medallions of that little coin.

Throw him among savages, and he will teach them to dance, (not that I believe the story of Chateaubriand;) among wild beasts, and he will find some way of reconciling them to his presence, (where another man would make war upon them outright,) either by pulling thorns out of their feet, or dressing their manes; upon a desolate island, and he will grow old in carving

"L'Empereur" upon a cocoa nut, arranging coloured sea-shells into flowers, and birds with wings like butterflies; or in making clay models of every thing upon the island. The basket-maker in the fable was undoubtedly a Frenchman, and the spider that Robert Bruce beheld in the barn, was *as* undoubtedly a French spider; no other would ever have repeated the same experiment, precisely over and over again, so often.

We all know what the versatility of a Frenchman is; and when I call to mind what I have actually seen, nothing that could be said of their power to employ or maintain themselves would seem to be extravagant.

I have known a French prisoner spend every leisure hour, for many years, in manufacturing a line-of-battle ship, out of the little splinters of bone which he found in the soup. I have known another, who began by planting coffee trees, in St. Domingo, with his own hand—realized a princely fortune—lost it during some insurrection; began again—became very wealthy—lost that in the same way; narrowly escaped with his life, and a few dollars, to America; began to teach French, while he was precisely in the situation of George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, who set off to teach the Dutchmen English, and never recollected, until he had arrived in Holland, that, to teach them English, he himself should know something of Dutch—realized a little money, and laid it out in a law-suit—in the purchase of claims, which he spent about eighteen or twenty years in bringing to a determination—himself, a great part of the time, upon the water between America and France, with testimony which never failed, for many years, to be informal, inadequate, or inapplicable. But he prevailed after all, and is now independent. This was, perhaps, the most extraordinary case of what I have called serious versatility, in a Frenchman, that was

ever known. That a French prisoner of war, a good seaman, (for a Frenchman,) should employ himself, year after year, in miniature ship-building; substituting beef bone for oak timber, and converting what other men would hardly have had the patience or the power to make a tooth-pick of, into accurate and beautiful machinery, is no very surprising matter. There is a sort of serious pleasantry—a kind of busy, industrious trifling in it, altogether French; and very like what one would look for in the occupation of any Frenchman, after the quicksilver of his blood was precipitated by misfortune. It was only the mimicry of naval architecture. But that a West Indian—a planter—and, above all, a Frenchman, should venture to lay out the wreck of his whole fortune upon American justice, without understanding one word of American law; and before he could say in English, so as to be understood, “Your humble servant, sir,” is a thing so incredible, that, if I did not know the story to be true, I would not repeat it. Yet, such a speculation would have been quite in character for an American; perfectly reconcilable to the presumptuous versatility of his temper; for, when the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine American, he appears to reckon upon miracles and phenomena, as other men do upon chances.

Thus, I have known two American partners in a large mercantile house. One had been educated for the bar; had practised at the bar; and was believed to be in the way to great authority, fell sick, consumed all his property, and went into business with another adventurer, who had made and lost, already, half a dozen fortunes: The other (of the two first named) had no education at all; had been put apprentice to a retail shop-keeper, at the age of twelve; and had grown up to manhood, in a course of adventure, that, in any country but this, would have been thought romantic and wonderful—as well as a complete disqualification for every kind of serious business.

These two, as I have said, were partners in the same house. They soon

extended their operations all over the United States; made money—speculated—and failed. A council was held between them. The younger of the two—he who had no education—spent several hours in determining whether he should become a soldier, (for he was weary of mercantile affairs)—go to India, and upset the British power there; or to South America, and help to revolutionize two or three empires in that quarter: a clergyman; (but upon that profession he hardly bestowed a second thought, after the reflection occurred, that, in America, there was neither rank, revenue, nor dominion, for the clergy;) a physician; a lawyer; an actor; an auctioneer; or a politician. The result was, that he concluded to become a lawyer—the law in America being the highway to the highest honours of the government—while his partner, at the same time, resolved to become a divine.

The first went forthwith to his room—laboured night and day for several years (supporting himself, in the meantime, by what nobody but an American, in such a situation, would have thought of—in America—his pen;) became distinguished; and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet—hardly eight years have passed since he was a broken merchant, wholly uneducated and apparently helpless.

In the meantime, his partner pursued his own studies in his own way; and is now one of the most distinguished clergymen of the United States.

These are not solitary examples. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. They are, in reality, things of common occurrence. Most of the distinguished men of the United States have gone through a “course of education,” more or less of the same kind. I could mention several, in various professions, at this moment; but, as my object is only to show what others have never seen, or not mentioned, in the character of our Transatlantic brethren, I shall only record one more, while giving a brief



account of the present state of the FINE ARTS in America, and particularly of PAINTING.

The FINE ARTS, generally, are neglected by the Americans. By this I mean, that they, the Americans, do not themselves cultivate them. They have foreign musical composers, and sculptors among them—(most of whom are indigent, or starving,) but none of their own. Capellono, the first sculptor of the King of Spain; and Causici, one of Canova's finest and most gifted pupils, both men of high talent, are actually in a state of abject dependance, now in America. Architecture is hardly in a better state. I know of no capital American architect; and the foreigners, who are unfortunately driven to America, in the hope of legislating for palaces, are, without exception, in a very precarious and unpleasant condition.

In fact—for we must deal plainly in these matters, whatever may be our partialities—I do not scruple to say, that the North American republic is one of the last countries in the world for refuge to a devotee of the fine arts, who may be, no matter for what reason, weary of the old world—particularly if he be a man of extraordinary power. A second or third-rate musical composer, performer, architect, sculptor, &c. &c. if he cannot get bread at home, will be able to get bread—but nothing more—in America. By bread, I mean, such a provision as will keep him alive, dependant, and wretched. If he be of the anointed few—the exalted—he will probably starve, die of a broken heart, or destroy himself; for such men will not barter their inspiration for bread; their immortality for a mess of pottage.

But enough of this for the present. Hereafter, there may be found a better occasion for dwelling on these points. I shall pass them over now, together with all that relates to the fine arts, except in the department of painting. In this the Americans have made a surprising proficiency; surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but surprising, (if we

consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement,) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people during the same period.

But then, the most celebrated of these *American painters* have been *educated* in this country; and some of them have been *born* here.

The following are the names of those, who have been, at one time or another, known in Great Britain or France, with a brief criticism on each.

COPLEY—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. He was an American by birth; a capital portrait painter, for the time; and, if I may judge by a small but very good picture, in the Blue-Coat School here, which I am told was painted by him, endowed with a decided and vigorous talent for historical composition.

WEST—HISTORICAL PAINTER, and late President of the Academy:—An American by birth; studied at Rome, and in London. He had great power; and a reputation much greater than he deserved. His fame will not increase; it will diminish. His composition is, generally speaking, confused—difficult of comprehension—and compounded, about in equal proportions, of the sublime and ordinary. He was prone to exaggeration; a slave to classical shapes; and greatly addicted to repetition. His capital pictures are often deficient in drawing; and yet, extraordinary as it may appear, his drawings are generally fine, and, in some cases, wonderful. His execution seldom equalled his conception. The first hurried, bold, hazardous drawing of his thought, was generally the best; in its progress, through every successive stage of improvement, there was a continual falling off, from the original character, in the most material parts—so that what it gained in finish it lost in grandeur; and what it gained in parts, it lost in the whole.

Compare his drawing of DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE, with his painting of the same subject. The first was exhibited in France many years ago; and was the astonishment of everybody. The latter, I should

be sorry to see exhibited anywhere. The drawing is worth a hundred of the painting. The group under the feet of the pale horse, and that of the lion and the horse at the left, are all that is worth preserving in the latter. The rest is feeble—common-place, or absolutely wretched. The fore-legs of the *pale horse*, like the fore-legs of almost every other horse that Mr. West ever painted, are too short. The character and position of the head, though altered from the drawing, are altered for the worse. The introduction of another figure, so important as the "*Gospel*," (I believe that is the one,) is injudicious, and the group at the extreme left, representing animal courage in a young man, is an unparalleled falling off, from the original drawing.

And so with several other pictures by this extraordinary man. The drawing of CHRIST HEALING THE SICK, is worth all the painted copies together—including that purchased by the Academy, and that in America.

By the way, it is not very judicious to exhibit such pictures, as *are* exhibited in the gallery of Mr. West,—for his first essays in the art. It is not judicious—because nobody can believe that they are what they are called; and because there are others much worse in existence, (and shown, too, in Philadelphia, America,) which were much more, probably, *among* the first of his essays. These things always do harm. Great pretension is quite sure to provoke severe examination. When Mr. Galt, in his "*LIFE OF WEST*," had the courage to say, no matter on what authority, that the *first* essay of Master Benjamin was in painting the portrait of a child asleep, and smiling; and that he succeeded in making a likeness, he did more to injure the substantial, fair reputation of Mr. West, than his bitterest enemy (if Mr. West ever had an enemy) could have done.

TRUMBULL—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr. Trumbull is an American. He studied, however, and pursued his profession for a long time, in this country. He is now President of the New York Academy; and is

the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures connected with certain events of the American Revolution, at (if I recollect rightly) nine thousand dollars a-piece, (about two thousand pounds.) Three of these are completed; and, unless I except the first, (prints of which are now in this country,) called the "*Signing of the Declaration*," and which is only a respectable picture, they are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age. The President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. In fact, not to disguise the matter at all, one out of the three is contemptible; one tolerable; the other nothing extraordinary; and valuable only as a collection of tolerably well-arranged portraits. It is a great pity; every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry-weaver by Mr. Trumbull.

Yet Mr. Trumbull *was* a man of considerable power. His well-known "*Sortie of Gibraltar*," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, every thing else that he has ever done. His portraits are no great things. They are bold and strong, but all of a family—all alike. And so are his historical pictures. His "*Battle of Lexington*" is partly stolen; his "*Death of Montgomery*," and "*Sortie of Gibraltar*," are only variations; and I remember one of his pictures, "*the Surrender of Cornwallis*," where a whole rank of infantry are so exceedingly alike, that you would suppose them to have been born at the same time, of the same parents.

REMBRANDT PEALE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr. Peale is an American. He studied and pursued the business of portrait painting in France. There are several painters in America of this name and family, but Mr. R. Peale is altogether superior to the others. One of his portraits attracted a good deal of admiration some



years ago, at Paris; and another (of Mr. Matthews the comedian) was lately exhibited in London. I have never seen it, but am told that it was a masterly thing. His portraits are beautifully painted, but rather cold, formal, and, until very lately, wanting in fleshiness. He has changed his manner, however, of late, and is now a very fine portrait painter.

His essays in historical painting are numerous, and quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have laboured in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow-labourers, to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one, long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood. His "COURT OF DEATH," it is probable, will pay a visit here. It is a very large picture, and has parts of extraordinary power.

**ALSTON—HISTORICAL PAINTER.** Mr. Alston is an American; studied in London—at Rome; and is undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America. He is well understood, and very highly appreciated, in this country, and should lose no time in returning to it. His "JACOB'S VISION" has established his reputation; but he owes to this country a debt which he will never pay if he remain at home. We have claims upon him here, for

"He is, as it were, a child of us;"

and his countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here.

Mr. Alston's faculties are a very uncommon union of the bold and beautiful; and yet, there is a sort of artificial heat in some of his doings, much as if it were latent, elaborated with great care, and much difficulty; not that sort of inward fervour which flashes into spontaneous combustion, whenever it is excited or exasperated.

**MORSE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Morse is an American; studied in the Academy, in some degree, under Mr. West. His model of the dying Hercules obtained the medal here. His portraits

are powerful, free, and distinguished by masterly handling. He has done but little in history.

**SULLY—PORTRAIT AND HISTORY.\*** Mr. Sully, who is the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" of America, is an Englishman, born, I believe, in London. His father, when Master Sully was about five, went over to America with his whole family. Many years after, the son returned, and continued in London for a considerable time, pursuing the study of his art, and copying some fine old pictures for his friends in America. That over, he returned, and, after years of great assiduity, has become, without question, one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world.

His general style is like that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom he has profited greatly; in fact, his composition, sentiment, and manner, are so much of the same character, now and then, that were it not for the touch, some of his portraits could not be distinguished from those of Sir Thomas. He is remarkably happy in his women. They have not so much of that elegant foppery which characterizes most of Sir Thomas Lawrence's females, but, then, they are not heroic, and, perhaps, not quite so attractive, or, if as attractive, for that were a hard question to settle, there is not that exquisite flattery in his pencil that we see in the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, while it preserves the likeness, will make a heroine, or an intellectual woman, of anything; and yet there is flattery enough in the pencil of Mr. Sully to satisfy any reasonable creature. Nobody can feel more astonishment or pleasure than I do at the address and power of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in transforming the most absolute, and, I should think, sometimes the most unmanageable corporeal beings, into spiritualities; but, I confess, at the same time, that I cannot bear to meet any of his originals, after I have been looking at their pictures by him. My emotion, whenever I do, is unqualified astonishment,——

\* The "Passage of the Delaware," a copy of which is now in Scotland, (on a smaller scale,) is by Mr. Sully. It is a remarkably spirited picture.

astonishment, first, at the likeness ; and astonishment, secondly, that there should be a likeness between things that are so unlike when compared. How he contrives it I cannot imagine. I have seen a picture of his, indicating a fine, bold, poetical temperament ; a handsome and expressive countenance, a frame above the middle size, and, altogether, a princely fellow. I have met the original, whom I had never seen before ; been struck instantaneously by the resemblance, and yet the original was a paltry, diminutive, sordid-looking chap, with no more soul in his face than —, nay, nor half so much as I have seen in a fine Irish potato.

By the way—a remark occurs to me here, which may explain this phenomenon. A stranger will see a resemblance where a friend would not. The more intimate one is with any object, the less easily satisfied will he be with a drawing of it. Anybody may see a resemblance in a caricature, an outline, or a profile, while he who is familiar with the original, will see nothing in the same caricature, profile, or outline, but a want of resemblance. This would seem to explain a common occurrence in portrait painting. Strangers know the picture immediately, perhaps, or the original, (having seen the picture,) wherever they may happen to encounter it ; mere acquaintances burst into continual exclamation at the sight of it, while the intimate friends of the original are dissatisfied, exactly in proportion to that intimacy. Painters attribute this to the foolish partiality of affection or friendship ; the multitude, perhaps, to affectation, blindness, or want of judgment. “What!” they say, “when we, who are strangers, know the portrait at a glance, how is it possible that it cannot be a likeness !” They do not know that, because they are strangers, they cannot perceive the ten thousand deficiencies, or the innumerable delicacies of hue and expression, which go to make up a likeness to the eyes of love or veneration. The world see only the whole ; the intimate friends love to look at the parts, at the minia-

ture. It must be for the world, then, that a man has painted, if his pictures are such startling resemblances, that while we are ready to cry out with pleasure at the likeness, we are ready to cry out yet louder with astonishment, if we see the originals, that there should be any likeness.

**STEWART—PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Stewart is an American. He was a long time in this country, many years ago,—painted the principal nobility, and ranked, even then, among the first masters. He is old now, but unquestionably at the head of American painters. In fact they all bow to his opinion as authority. Some notion of his prodigious power may be gained from this fact. The best portrait in the Somerset Exhibition, this year, that of Sir William Curtis by Sir T. Lawrence, and that which is least after his own style, is exceedingly like the pictures of Stewart, so much so, indeed, that I should have thought it a Stewart, but for two or three passages, and the peculiar touch of the artist. There is, however, more breadth in Mr. Stewart’s pictures than in those of Sir T. Lawrence, but much less brilliancy and gracefulness. Mr. Stewart hardly ever painted a tolerable woman. His women are as much inferior to those of Sir T. Lawrence, as his men are superior to the men of almost any other painter. His manner is dignified, simple, thoughtful, and calm. There is no splendour,—nothing flashy or rich in the painting of Stewart, but whatever he puts down upon canvass is like a record upon oath, plain, unequivocal, and solid.

**LESLIE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Leslie was born in this country, (a circumstance not generally known ; ) went to America in his childhood ; attracted some attention there, while he was a clerk in a book-store, by a few spirited sketches of George Frederick Cooke, and some other actors ; was persuaded to return to this country and study the art of painting as a profession. He has been here twice, (in the whole, from ten to a dozen years,) and has now a reputation of which we, his



countrymen, as well as the Americans, have reason to be proud. His portraits are beautiful, rich, and peculiar; his compositions in history, graceful, chaste, and full of subdued pleasantries. There is nothing overcharged in the work of Mr. Leslie. If anything, there is too strict an adherence to propriety. His last picture *SANCHO BEFORE THE DUCHESS*, though very beautiful, is, nevertheless, rather tame as a whole. This, of course, proceeds from his constitutional fear of extravagance and caricature, which is evident in almost everything that he has done, or, perhaps it would be better to say, from his exceedingly delicate sense of what is classical. But that must be got over. A classical taste is a bad one, where men are much in earnest, or disposed to humour. Whatever is classical is artificial, and, of course, opposed to what is natural. One is marble, the other, flesh; one, statuary, the other, painting. No great man was ever satisfied with what is classical.

**NEWTON—PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER.**—Mr. Newton is an American, but born within our Canadas; a nephew of Mr. Stewart, (already mentioned,) and a man of singular and showy talent. He has been pursuing his professional studies in London for several years, and begins to be regarded as he deserves. His portraits are bold and well coloured, but not remarkable for strength of resemblance, or individuality of expression. But, then, they are good pictures, and, of the two, it is higher praise even for a portrait-painter, to allow that he makes good pictures, than that he makes good likenesses. It is easy (comparatively) to make a resemblance, but very difficult for any man to make a picture which deserves to be called good. All portrait-painters begin with getting likenesses. Every touch is anxious, particular, and painfully exact; and it is a general truth, I believe, that as they improve in the art, they become less anxious about the likeness, and more about the composition, colouring, and effect. Thus, the early pictures of

every great artist will be found remarkable for their accurate resemblance, and the later ones remarkable for everything else rather than for that quality. Their likenesses fall off as their painting improves.

Still, however, (the last remarks have no especial application to Mr. Newton,) some of this gentleman's portraits are not only good pictures, but striking likenesses.

In history, it is hardly fair to judge of him; for what he has done, though admirable on many accounts, are rather indications of a temper and feeling which are not yet fully disclosed, than fair specimens of what he could produce, were he warmly encouraged. His "author and auditor" is the best that I know of his productions; and a capital thing it is. The last, which was lately exhibited at Somerset House, is rather a fine sketch, than a finished picture. It is loose, rich, and showy; wanting in firmness and significance; and verging a little on the caricature of broad farce;—broad, pencil farce, I mean. For this, of course, he is excusable, with Moliere for his authority. It is a very good picture, to be sure, but not such a picture as he should have produced for the annual exhibition. He did himself injustice by it.

**C. HARDING—PORTRAIT PAINTING.** This extraordinary man is a fair specimen of the American character. About six years ago, he was living in the wilds of Kentucky, had never seen a decent picture in his life; and spent most of his leisure time, such as could be spared from the more laborious occupations of life, in drumming for a Militia company, and in fitting axe-helves to axes; in which two things he soon became distinguished. By and by, some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang up within him; and, being in a strange place, (without friends and without money—and *with* a family of his own) at a tavern, the landlord of which had been disappointed by a sign painter, Mr. H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord; but in reality to pay his bill, and provide bread for his chil-

dren. He succeeded, had plenty of employment in the "profession" of sign-painting; took heart, and ventured a step higher—first, in painting chairs; and then portraits. Laughable as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, entirely and strictly true. I could mention several instances of a like nature; one of a tinman, who is now a very good portrait-painter in Philadelphia, U. S. A. (named EICKHALT); another of a silversmith, named WOOD, whose miniatures and small portraits are masterly; and another of a portrait painter named JARVIS, whose paintings, if they were known here, would be regarded with astonishment—All of whom are Americans. But, as they are not known here, and have not been here, to my knowledge, I shall pass them over, and return, for a minute or two, to Mr. Harding.

Mr. H. is now in London; has painted some remarkably good *portraits* (not pictures); among others, one of Mr. John D. Hunter, (the hero of Hunter's Narrative,) which is decidedly the best of a multitude; one

or two of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the head of which is capital: one of Mr. Owen, of Lanark; a portrait of extraordinary plainness, power, and sobriety; and some others, shown at Somerset House, and Suffolk Street.

Mr. H. is ignorant of drawing. It is completely evident, that he draws only with a full brush, correcting the parts by comparison with one another. Hence it is, that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons—a master and a bungler. His hands are very bad; his composition, generally, quite after the fashion of a beginner; and his drapery very like block-tin; or rather, I should say, this *was* the case; for there is a very visible improvement in his late works.

Thus much to shew what kind of men our American relations are, when fairly put forward. There is hardly one among the number of painters, above-mentioned, whose life, if it were sketched, as that of Mr. H. is, would not appear quite as extraordinary; and as truly American, in that property which I have chosen to call a serious versatility.

### NELL GWYNN.

[Written after viewing a Portrait (supposed to be of this celebrated beauty) by Sir Peter Lely, from the collection of R. Cracroft, Esq. in the Gallery of the Northern Society at Leeds.]

#### I.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant girl!  
We have heard of teeth of pearl,—  
Lips of coral,—cheeks of rose;—  
Necks and brows like drifted snows,—  
Eyes—as diamonds sparkling bright,  
Or the stars of summer's night,—  
And expression, grace and soul.  
But a form so near divine,  
With a face so fair as thine,—  
And so sunny-bright a brow—  
Never met my gaze 'till now!  
Thou wert Venus' sister twin  
If this shade be thine, NELL GWYN!

#### II.

Cast that carcanet away!  
Thou hast need of no display—  
Gems, however rare, to deck  
Such an alabaster neck!  
Can the brilliant's lustre vie  
With the glories of thine eye?  
Or the ruby's red compare  
With the two lips breathing there?—  
Can they add a richer glow  
To thy beauties? No, sweet, no!  
Though thou bear'st the name of one  
Whom 'twas virtue once to shun,  
It were, sure, to Taste a sin  
Now—to pass thee by, NELL GWYN!

#### III.

But they've wronged thee—and I swear  
By thy brow so dazzling fair,—  
By the light subdued that flashes  
From the drooping 'lids' silk lashes,—  
By the deep blue eyes beneath them,—  
By the clustering curls that wreath them,—  
By thy softly blushing cheek,—  
By those lips that more than speak,—  
Glossy white without a speck,—  
By thy slender fingers fair,—  
Modest mien—and graceful air,—  
'Twas a burning shame, and sin,  
Sweet, to christen thee NELL GWYN!

#### IV.

Wreath for aye thy snowy arms,  
Thine are, sure, no wanton's charms!  
Like the fawn's—as bright and shy—  
Beams thy dark, retiring eye;—  
No bold invitation's given  
From the depths of that blue heaven;—  
Nor one glance of lightness hid  
'Neath its pale, declining lid!  
No!—I'll not believe *thy* name  
Can be aught allied to shame!  
Then let them call thee what they will,  
I've sworn—and I'll maintain it still  
(Spite of tradition's idle din)  
Thou art not—canst not be NELL GWYN!



BLAKESMOOR.

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory, or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church—think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons—drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road, to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprized that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of every thing. Where had stood the

great gates? What bounded the courtyard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit, and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns—or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vivider than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture

was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks, in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few rods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judge some romantic lake—such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;  
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;  
And oh so close your circles lace,  
That I may never leave this place;  
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,  
Ere I your silken bondage break,  
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,  
And, courteous briars, nail me through.\*

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of some-

thing beyond; and to have taken if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coat-less antiquary, in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree—at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely: and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? It is trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon—that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, *BLAKESMOOR!*—have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "*Resurgam*"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself *Very Gentility?*—Thou wert first in my morning eyes: and, of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told, that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some *Damcetas*—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate this once proud *Ægon?*—repay-

\* Marvell, on Appleton House, to the Lord Fairfax.



ing by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumptuous so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W—s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have traversed, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvass, to recognize the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H—shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded, she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—Bridget took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the margin.\*

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\* "High-born Helen, round your dwelling,  
These twenty years I've pac'd in vain:  
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty  
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling  
Stories of thy cold disdain;  
I starve, I die, now you comply,  
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,  
Dwelling for ever on a frown;  
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;  
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved  
But for the scorn 'was in her eye,'  
Can I be moved for my beloved,  
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

But my Mildred grew not old, like the imaginary Helen.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder, but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house, in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backwarder still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

ELIA.

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In stately pride, by my bed-side,  
High-born Helen's portrait hung;  
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays  
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,  
Complaining all night long to her.—  
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,  
Said—"you to all men I prefer."

## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## THE ORAMAS.

I PERAMBULATE the streets every morning, as you well know, for the exercise of my body and eye-sight, with my hands in my breeches pockets, and my legs in a pair of inexpressibles, popping my poll into every curiosity-shop that hangs out a good bill of fare for a hungry inquisitor. These places, you know likewise, are at present generally dignified with heathen-Greek compound names, which puzzle a plain Englishman to pronounce,—*jaw-breakers*, as we term them,—all ending in the same word, *orama*, and all meaning as much as this—Here is a great sight, good people! tell out and ye shall see it. Shillings are not half so plentiful with me as shop-keepers' bills, but I have nevertheless spent some in this way lately, and you shall have the benefit of my experience. Though too mad a fellow to mind any thing past or independent, I am the more inclined to do this as you sent me a letter-full of compliments, and five guineas, (by no means the least agreeable part of your correspondence) for my "Peep into the Piccadilly Museum." So much by way of preamble.

The Panorama of Pompeii, in the Strand, is not worth climbing up Bow Steeple to see, but that in Leicester Fields *is*. They belong to the same pair of proprietors, were drawn by the same draughtsman, I believe, and may have been painted by the same painter, provided he was not the same man at the two different performances. This might have been easily managed. For instance, I am the same man that I was when I wrote my "Fugitive Poems," which were published by the present Sheriff Whittaker, of Avemary, and had vast circulation through all the pastry cooks in the city, to the great emolument of no one. The first of the aforesaid Oramas is, as I hinted, pretty enough: there is, indeed, a group of dancers on the foreground, designed I suppose to enliven the dead imagery around them, which put me in mind of the figures on my grandmother's bed-

hangings, where a flock of shepherds and shepherdesses are kicking up their heels to the edification and amusement of several bullfinches, who are piping open mouthed within arm's length amidst the chintz evergreens of the pattern. Many a time I gazed at these mute "tuneful warblers," and the figurantes before them, when I was a little chubby snubby fellow, (being always a mischievous ill-conditioned whelp, I was idolized by my grandmother, and indeed by all the pious old people in the parish,)—and now that I am a man I gazed at the group in the Panorama with equal astonishment if not admiration. The scenery however may be put into the other scale; there is something (as we *Reviewers* say)—redeeming in it. One likes also to see the relative appearance of the volcanic and ante-volcanic places: a forest of modern trees growing on the top of an ancient city! The hanging gardens of Babylon were nothing to this. In that part of Pompeii now at the Strand there is not much excavation to be seen, and what is to be seen is not much worth seeing. A Temple of Venus and Bacchus appears in comparative shape and preservation (Love and Wine we know will stand as long as men are mortal.) The twin Panorama in the Fields is better worth money and seeing. Here are the remains of more old Roman houses than would build a city with cock-tail mice (*coc-tilibus muris*) for all the Lazzaroni in Naples. There is the groundwork of a huge Theatre remaining in fine form and dimensions: Covent Garden and Old Drury might serve as *vomitoria*, or entrances to it. What a barbarous, luxurious, ferocious, refined, brutal, omnipotent people were those descendants of the shepherd-robbers! Who would think that Cicero could write, and a gladiator fight within a brick wall of each other? The Fives-Court is a place of elegant amusement compared to a Roman arena. Some of the moun-



tain-scenery in this *orama* reminds me of another *orama* which I will treat of presently—the Diorama: it is beautiful.

The next curiosity-shop I popped into was a Glass Exhibition within a handful of doors of the Strand Pompeiiorama. I saw a glass-case full of poodle-dogs, seventy-fours, landaus, handbaskets, and several other gimcracks, nailed to a door-post with "only a shilling," on the board beside it. Walked in, up, on, round, out. By the bye, this is not a fair account of my peregrinations through the glassery. I staid there poring over the brittle machinery till I was almost cracked myself, and like Locke's lunatic was afraid to sit down lest I might break myself in pieces. Along with a parcel of very well-behaved gentlemanly old ladies I beheld the whole operation of glass-blowing; and I assure you, Editor, in that brief space of time I learned more of this noble art than I shall ever attempt to practise. Seriously; it is an exhibition very well worth a wise man's fooling away a few hours in seeing. The proprietor, who presides at the furnace, blew us up several times—minikin decanters, wine-glasses, goblets, and tin cans, in a much shorter time than any one could empty them, besides several flower-baskets and false curls for the ladies. There was also a *glass-wig* in a glass-case there (and a balloon in a bottle,) which I contemplated with much satisfaction; every hair of it is as fine and elastic as hair itself. Baldness will no doubt in a few ages be universally propagated, it being for the most part an hereditary disease; and there is some consolation in knowing that, in such a deficiency of hair, we can have glass-wigs and frontlets for the price of them. The curls are drawn off from the vitreous fluid on a wheel,—seven hundred yards (I think) of glass hair being wound off in a minute. One great advantage in a wig of this material would be that it could be melted up into a fresh wig whenever one chose it, and moreover could not be easily blown off the head, except when it was actually blowing. A word from the THE LONDON

is, I know, enough to set all London afire; so I beg leave to recommend this Orama to all those who have eyes in their heads and shillings in their pockets. One powerful inducement to sight-seeing people to visit the Glass Exhibition is this,—every one gets at his or her final exit, besides the gape-seed and glass-blowing, the full value of his or her admittance-money in the manufacture itself. The proprietor, at my departure, *blew me a dog*,—wrapping him up in cotton, and enclosing him in a shaving-box, all of which I conveyed into my waistcoat-pocket. A young friend of mine, to whom I presented my new-found-glass dog, in teaching him to "give the paw," broke off one of his legs, but the gentleman aforesaid very politely *blew it on again*. He added, that he should be happy to blow on a leg for me whenever I wished it. Upon the whole, the only thing wanting to this exhibition is an impudent name; modest merit never did at any time, and its scarcity in the present age has not in any degree enhanced its reputation. Instead of calling his curiosity-shop merely what it is,—a Glass Exhibition, I should advise the proprietor to call it a *Hyalorama* (or a *Hyalourgeiorama*, which looks uglier and better): he would by this means infallibly seduce more people from the straight road of the Strand into his museum, than if he were to blow up a house for every customer that asked him.

But the Peristrepheic Panorama is that which pleased me best,—as well by the terrors of its name as of its subject. *Peristrepheic Panorama*! What a world of mysterious magnificence is contained in those two tremendous titles! how sublime and unintelligible! how agreeably cacophonous to the common ear, and how super-syllabically sonorous to the lugs of learning!—As I strolled one evening through the mazes of Spring Gardens, I heard the Peristrepheic music shaking the tiles off the neighbouring houses; (there is a trumpeter in the band, by the bye, who would blow the cupola off St. Paul's if

he exerted himself beneath it,—he almost blew the roof off my skull with a single blast of his *buccina*.) The uproar proceeding from this curiosity-shop induced me to enter ;—when I was young and innocent I remember that I always broke my drum or humming-top to see what was inside of it that made such a noise. The same philosophical spirit attends me to this day. I went into the Peristrepheic, where however I found somewhat more internal furniture than ever I heard of in a humming-top,—unless this huge round world turning on its invisible spindle may be considered one. I saw the Battle of Waterloo: all the great men, Buonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, Brunswick, General Picton, and Corporal Shaw, painted to the life or death as it happened: cuirassiers, voltigeurs, Scotch *sans-culottes*, Blues, Greys, Body-Guards, all in fine coats and confusion: charges of cavalry and discharges of infantry, great guns, thunder-bombs, flying artillery, lying troops, and dying soldiers: the Marquis of Anglesea up to his belt in blood-red trowsers, and the Duke down to his heels in a blue wrap-rascal. O 'twas a glorious sight! Like Don Quixote and the puppets I longed to attack the peristrepheic people sword in hand, and kill a few dozen Frenchmen on canvas. What would I now give to be the old woman who remained the whole time in the farm-house which stood in the very midst of the field of battle! What a sublime situation for an old woman to be in! How I should have felt had I been there! When heaven and earth were coming together, to sit smoking (as she did perhaps) amidst the war of elements, or to “stand secure amidst a falling world” with my hands in my pockets, as the drowned Dutchman was found after shipwreck! Only conceive her (blind of one eye possibly) looking out through a cranny with the other, and beholding two hundred thousand men engaged in mutual massacre, and two hundred pieces of cannon bellowing, bursting, and ball-playing around her! blood streaming, smoke wreathing, dust flying, the scream of agony, the

cry of fear, the groan of death, and the shout of victory!—O, if *poeta nascitur non fit* be not a true maxim, that old woman ought to write a far better epic poem than blind Homer, blind Milton, or Bob Southey himself!—But I am becoming too eloquent.

The last of the *Oramas* which I swallowed was the Diorama.—The difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system of the world may serve to illustrate that between the *Periorama* (thus let us abridge the *Peristrepheic*) and the *Diorama*. But the superiority of the Copernican system above the other is somewhat less problematical than that of the dioramic principle above the perioramic. The earth revolving on its own axis saves the sun, moon, and stars, a great deal of unnecessary trouble in performing their several diurnal circles according to the old system; but except the giddy delight of participating in the vertiginous motion of the dioramic platform, a spectator posted there is not immediately aware that he reaps any peculiar advantage. Whether the scene perambulates about the spectator, or the spectator about the scene; whether the object moves past the eye, or the eye past the object, is, philosophically considered, quite insignificant. Except, indeed, the spectator have a fancy for orbicular progression,—if he have any inclination for a circular jaunt, I would strenuously recommend him a turn or so on the horizontal wheel of the Diorama. Indeed I have heard many people express their entire approbation of this new kind of merry-go-round and its unaccompanying scenery. The effect of this ingenious but hasty piece of mechanism however was—that throughout the whole “little world of man” there was propagated a species of awkward sensation which might be denominated by help of a solecism—a *terrestrial sea-sickness*. This, though amounting to but a trifling quantity, detracted somewhat from the pleasure of my excursion round the inner wall of the Dioramic establishment.—The wheel I speak of is the only thing about that curiosity-



shop which has the hue of a *humbug*. I advise the proprietor of the Diorama (which appears to intend itself for a permanent exhibition) to divert the enthusiasm of his steam-engine, or whatever "old mole" it is that works beneath his platform, from disarranging the stomach of his visitors, to the less ambitious purpose of moving his scenery around them.

Trinity Chapel and the Valley of Sarnen have been carried about the town these two months by the bill-stickers, proclaiming every week to be the "last week" of their existence. I don't know if they are dead yet; but it is no harm to afford them a little posthumous praise if they are so. The first of these scenes was a complete deception; I expected every moment the dean and chapter to make their appearance. In this respect it is the best of the two, which however is more owing to the nature of the subject than the felicity of the painter; it is much easier to represent in successful perspective a chapel, however large, on a sheet of canvas, than a whole country like the Valley of Sarnen. The imagination can readily allow the one, but the reason strongly rejects the other. At all events I confess Trinity Chapel fairly took me in. In my golden simplicity of mind I thought, when I saw it, that "the play hadn't begun," and that I was merely contemplating one of those multitudinous specimens of plaster-work and architecture which are scattered over the West End and Regent's Park, to the utter discountenance of brown brick and comfortability. The beauty of the structure was the first thing that brought back my senses, this being a quality which seldom obtrudes itself upon the eye of the western itinerant.\* By narrowly watching the direction of the shadows and finding them to be permanent I was at length convinced that

the artist had befooled me. This is real praise.

The view of the Valley of Sarnen was, however, the chief attraction. The felicity of the execution surprised less, but the beauty of its scenery gratified more. The interior of a chapel, unless of the very richest order of magnificence, cannot be as interesting to the spectator as a green woodland, a mountain prospect, or a pastoral vale. He may happen also to be one of those sad dogs like myself who have been compelled by their follies to exchange a romantic home for the close squares and crooked alleys of this populous wilderness—London: if so, the Valley would possess in his mind a double advantage over its competitor. He would see his native hills in the misty pinnacles, and the green dwelling of his fathers in the deep-bosomed glen of the Alpine illusion before him. He would, moreover, perhaps acknowledge himself largely indebted to the faithful transcriber of the Valley of Sarnen for the sight of a phenomenon which he had never the good fortune to witness in his own country. Two lofty hills rise on the back ground, one immediately behind the other. The hindermost is a sugar-loaf piercing into the skies far above the penetration of his round-shouldered brother. Now the phenomenon in the picture (and, of course in the living scene) is this: the lower and nearer of these hills is covered with snow, whilst the higher and more distant is green to the apex. I am not sufficiently natural philosopher to account for this extraordinary appearance, but suppose it to arise from a *different mode of snowing* they have amongst the Alps from what we ususally see here amidst our humble hillocks. To accomplish the aforesaid phenomenon it is only necessary that it snow *horizontally* in Switzerland, by which means a mountain may with every facility be snowed up as far as the shoulders, and yet preserve his head as green and as flourishing as ever. Notwithstanding the strangeness to a plain-going English eye of the above stroke of nature, the view

\* I beg leave to direct the attention of all admirers of genuine *gothic* to a string of towers in wooden bounnets, at the other side of the park from the Diorama. They may afford to the romantic and imaginative a tolerable idea of a row of giants standing asleep in their bedgowns and white cotton night-caps.

of the Valley of Sarnen was picturesque and delightful,—and if it is not gone it is so still. The Swiss cottage, the mountain road, the flock of sheep feeding in a sequestered nook, gave a kind of lonely animation to the scene; the deep verdure of the glades and slopes, contrasted with the blue surface of the lake into which they decline, and the vapoury magnificence of the surrounding hills, combined to throw a most romantic air over this beautiful picture. I sighed for home when I saw it. A runnel of living water bestowed reality on the scene, and was so contrived as to flow down the canvas as naturally as if it was *painted* there, not spoiling the eye for the artificial part of the scene. This is a good test of the merits of the painting; the works of nature when set beside those of art generally put the latter out of counte-

nance. I hope the Valley of Sarnen will remain in the Regent's Park,—or that it may be replaced by something as beautiful.

There is likewise the *Cosmorama*, and the *Myriorama*, and may others not mentionable. I hear also that there is one in preparation, which is to be perfectly ecliptic of all its predecessors, and is to be called the *Pandemoniopanorama*, being an exact View of Hell, intended chiefly, I suppose, for the patronage of those who intend emigrating thither. It has been painted from drawings taken by Padre B—— who visited the premises, and has been since restored to life by Prince Hohenlohe. But I must defer the account of these to a future opportunity. At present—"I can no more" (as we say in a tragedy). *Vale!*

JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

#### NUGÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ. No. I.

##### ON THE OPERATION OF COUCHING.

**C**HESELDEN the celebrated surgeon and oculist gives some very curious particulars respecting a boy who was couched by him in his thirteenth year: his narrative is the more interesting as it seems to determine the question so long and so hotly contested by philosophers,—Whether a person blind from his birth upon being made to see could, *by sight alone*, distinguish a cube from a globe? Most persons would probably answer in the affirmative, notwithstanding the many theoretical arguments which might be brought against it,—at least until they have such facts as the operation of couching discloses, which are of too stubborn a nature to be easily evaded.

It is previously remarked by Cheselden that though we speak of persons afflicted with cataracts as blind, yet they are never so blind from that cause but that they can distinguish day from night; and for the most part in a strong light distinguish black, white, scarlet, and other glaring colours: but they cannot distinguish the *shape* of any thing. And he gives

the following reason for his remark. The light coming from external objects being let in through the matter of the cataract which disperses and refracts the rays, these do not, as they ought, converge to a focus on the retina or back part of the eye, so as to form a picture of the objects there; the person afflicted is consequently in the same state as a man of sound sight looking through a thin jelly. Hence the shape of an object cannot be at all discerned, though the colour may. And this was the case with the boy couched by the operator. Before couching he could distinguish colours in a strong light, but afterwards, the faint ideas he had previously acquired of them were not sufficient for him to recollect them by, and he did not know them to be the same that he had seen dimly, when he was enabled to see them perfectly. *Scarlet* he now thought to be the most beautiful, and of others the gayest were the most pleasing: *black*, the first time he saw it perfectly, gave him great uneasiness, but after a little time he became more reconciled to it; he however always



associated some unpleasant idea with it, being struck with great horror at the sight of a Negro woman whom he met some months afterwards.

When he first saw, he was so far from making any right judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever *touched his eyes* (so he expressed it), as what he felt did his skin. He thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, nor guess what it was in any object that pleased him. He did not know any one thing from another, however different in shape or size; but upon being told what things those were whose form he knew before from feeling, he would carefully observe that he might know them again. Having often forgot which was the cat, which the dog, he was ashamed to ask, but catching the cat (which he knew by feeling), he looked steadfastly at her, and then putting her down, "So, Puss," said he, "I shall know you another time." He was very much surprised that those things which he had liked best when blind did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, excepting those persons whom he loved most would appear most beautiful, and such things most agreeable to his sight which were so to his taste. His friends at first thought that he even knew what pictures represented, but found afterwards they were mistaken; for about two months after he was couched he discovered that they represented solid bodies, at first taking them for party-coloured planes or surfaces diversified with a variety of paint: but even then he was surprised that the pictures did not *feel* like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found that those parts of pictures which by their light and shade appeared prominent, and uneven to his sight, felt equally flat with the rest. On this latter occasion he pertinently inquired—Which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing?

Being shown his father's picture in a locket at his mother's watch, he acknowledged the likeness, but was very much astonished, asking how it

could be that a large face could be expressed in so little room, and saying that it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint.

At first he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but upon seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived to be less than they had appeared before, never being able to imagine any figures or lines beyond the bounds he saw: the room he was in he said he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. Before he was couched he expected little advantage from seeing, worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for he said he thought he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden at present, which he could do safely and readily. And even in blindness he said he had this advantage, that he could go anywhere in the dark much better than those who could see. After he was enabled to see he did not soon lose this faculty, nor desire a light to go about the house in darkness. He said every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great that he wanted words to express it; but his gratitude to the operator was extreme, never seeing him for some time without shedding tears, and if he did not happen to come at the time he was expected, the boy could not forbear crying at the disappointment. A year after his first seeing, being carried to Epsom Downs, he was exceedingly delighted with the largeness of the prospect, and called it a new kind of seeing. He was afterwards couched of the other eye, and found that objects appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other: looking upon the same object with both eyes, he thought it appeared about twice as large as to the first couched eye only,—it did not appear double.

Mr. Cheselden performed the operation of couching on several other persons, who all gave nearly the same account of their learning to see as the

preceding. They all had this curious defect after couching in common, that never having had occasion to move their eyes, they knew not how to do it, and at first could not direct them to any particular object, but had to move the whole head, till by slow degrees they acquired the faculty of shifting the eye-balls in their sockets.

Several philosophical inferences may be deduced from the above-cited experiment. First it is evident that the eye is not a judge of *direct*, though it may be of *transverse* distance, i. e. that it cannot estimate the distance between two trees, for example, nearly in a line with itself, though it may, if they are at equal lengths from it, but *not* in the same line with it. Hence when we look at a chair standing against the wall of our chamber we really do not *see* that the fore legs stand out upon the carpet,—we see both them and all parts of the chair painted as it were (*projected* is the philosophical word) on the wall. It is only by having *felt* that they do stand out from the wall that we judge them so to do, when we merely see them exhibiting the same appearances they had when we felt them before. The boy upon whom Mr. Cheselden operated, thought, it seems, “that all objects whatever *touched his eyes*,” i. e. all objects and parts of objects appeared equally distant from him, the fore-legs of a chair as distant as the hind, in short he could not *see direct distance* at all. It was only by habit, by feeling a table, for instance, by then observing the lights and shades its different surfaces presented to his eyes (for of *colour* the eye is a judge), it was only by this process that he was at length enabled to know a table when he merely *saw* it. And it is the same process which gradually teaches us in our infancy to correct the errors of our sight by the testimony of our feeling, and to know that that is protuberant which appears flat, as every object does to the eye of a new-born child. This habit, which the mind gets of deciding upon the massive form of objects immediately upon seeing them, is that from which the whole effect of painting results:

when we see a landscape or a group of figures on canvass, the parts assume to our eyes a depth or protuberance, though really flat, because, exhibiting the same light and shade which the objects represented by them do themselves *rerum neutrâ* present, we judge them to be similar in all their dimensions, and to recede or come forward from the canvass in the same manner as the real objects would do if placed against a wall. In conformity with this reasoning it appears that the boy who was couching had no perception of the effect of painting: not having yet obtained experience of the lights and shades imitated on canvass they could not deceive him, as they do a person of sound sight, into the supposition that they were reflected by massive bodies,—he only saw flat canvass diversified with a variety of paint.

Secondly, as it appears that the boy could not tell a cat from a dog until he had felt them, it is plain that neither could he tell a cube from a globe. It is to be observed, however, that although at first all distinction of shape were perceived, yet experience would shortly have taught him to distinguish, by sight alone, a cat from a dog, a cube from a globe. All that Locke and his partisans asserted was,—that sight alone would never have taught him to determine (unless by chance) which of the bodies was the cube of *his feeling*, which the globe. He would in a short time have *seen* that one of these bodies was even, and the other angular, but he could not certainly tell that the former would *feel* as the globe felt before he saw it, nor the latter as the cube did. That which was a cube to his sight he would probably have fixed upon as that which was the globe to his feeling. At least, there is no reason why, because a given body appeared evenly shaped to his sight, it should enable him to determine that this body must necessarily, when he touched it, give him that sensation which he denominated *smoothness* before he was made to see.

Thirdly, the above-mentioned experiment appears to suggest a doubt of the truth of that philosophical dis-



tion which has usually been put between *Reason* and *Instinct*. If it is by an exertion of judgment that a man coming into a room where there is a real chair and one ill-painted on the wall, will sit down upon the former and neglect the latter, it is certainly by an exertion of a similar faculty, that a cat coming into a room where there is a real mouse and an ill-painted one, will spring upon the former and neglect the latter. And from the same principle it is that the man will attempt sitting down on a well-painted chair, and a cat will attempt catching a well-painted mouse,—neither discovering their error till they come near enough either to see the defects of the painting or to feel the delusive objects, and thus correct the mistake of their judgment acting upon the information of sight alone. For it is to be remembered that, in this case, it is not their sight which deceives them, but their judgment; sight informs them that certain colours, lights, and shades, appear before them, and its information *is true*; whilst judgment tells them that these colours, lights, and shades, indicate a massive substance (*viz.* a chair or mouse) which *is false*. From this it would appear, that instinct has no more to do with a cat mouse-catching, than with a man hare-hunting; and similar considerations may perhaps, teach us, that brute animals approach much nearer to us in faculties than philosophers are generally disposed to allow.

Lastly, it may be inferred, that the staring and vacant expression of coun-

tenance, which is to be seen in children and idiots, proceeds rather from an inability to move their eyes than from a want of thought at the time. The former through inexperience, the latter through mental weakness, have not been sufficiently conversant with different objects to have exercised the moving powers of the eye, which therefore remains generally fixed. Both, when they wish to observe a new object, turn the whole head rather than the eyeball. And, that vacancy of look does not always proceed from want of ideas in the mind at the time, is evident from this,—that men intently engaged in contemplating certain ideas generally stare with a fixed and foolish countenance, whilst their reverie continues. If a child were shut up in a dark room where he might exercise all his senses but one, it is obvious that upon light being admitted at the end of some years, when he had acquired a good stock of ideas by means of these four senses,—it is obvious that he would still continue to stare like an infant, how full soever his mind might be of ideas. For the motion of his eyes is consequent upon an act of his will so to move them, and he can have no will to move them from the object at which he first looks, because he knows as yet of no other object existing, and could therefore have no motive to excite his will to action.

There are many other inferences which might be drawn from this curious experiment, but I will leave them to the reader's own sagacity or fancy.

## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

### THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Tis sweet to poise the lab'ring oar  
That tugs us to our native shore,  
When the Boatswain pipes the barge to man."

WHY, aye, Mr. What's your name, we were the pride of the ship—all picked men; and if you had seen us in those days, when hope and enterprise spread our white canvass to the breeze, and we either

lufft up to get to windward of an enemy, or sailed large to run down to the succour of a friend in distress, it would have done good to your heart, man. Then there was our barge, so neat and trim with her gratings in the bow, and starn sheets as white as the drifted snow, and every oar a perfect picture. But to see

her under sail with three lugs and a jib set, and the sheets trimm'd aft—my eyes! how she'd smack through the breeze, skimming the billow-tops like a flying fish as he dips to wet his wings and refresh him in his flight! Oh how sweetly she'd walk over the curling wave and climb the rolling swell. Why she could do any thing but speak, and every one of the crew loved her as his own, and tended her with the same affection that a fond mother would her darling child. But then what's the use of speechifying about it now?—she's broke up by this time, (though I'm glad I didn't see it, for every stroke of the axe would have gone to my heart;) and of the jovial lads that once manned her, some are cast like weatherbeaten shattered hulks adrift upon the Ocean of Distress, exposed to the windy storm and tempest, without a port in view or friendly barque to hail them in adversity. Ah, they think of the barge now, and on those times they will never see again, when they were called the jolly 'coach horses' that never flinched from their duty. Every soul was first captain of a gun; and our coxwain, Joe Snatchblock, was one of the finest fellows in the fleet, be the other where he would—six foot two inches without his shoes—a heart like a prince and the spirits of a lion—generous and brave. Why, Lord love you, Mr. What's-your-name, he was the very man as nailed the colours to the mast on board the Belly-quekes in Duncan's action. I think I sees him now. Up went the helm, and away he bore down right into the thick of it: slap comes a shot athwart the halliards, and down rattles the ensign. "Hurrah!" shouted Mynheer in exultation. "Dunder de Bloxam!" roared Joe from the gangway; and shaking his fist at the enemy, "Dunder de bloxam, but we'll give it you presently!" and then he ran aft, and rolling up the flag, tucked it under his arm, and skimmed aloft like a sky-rocket, while the musket-balls came pouring round him in leaden showers. "Grape and cannister to the five aftmost guns, (cried the first Lieutenant;) point them well at the

enemy's poop—watch the roll, and be ready, my men!"—"Aye, aye, Sir:" and we clapped the grapes into the *still*, and pressed them down with cannister, ramming all home with a vengeance. Rattle went a volley at Joe again, but we *matched* 'em for it in *prime* style; we *smoked* their manœuvres and *powdered* their wigs. Yes, yes, our grape was squeezed into Win de grave for a good many—it damaged their upper works, and knocked away their understandings. Well, d'ye see, by this time Joe had got to the main-top-mast head with the ensign under his arm, the hammer betwixt his teeth, and the nails in his pocket; so he shoves one through the head of the flag, just below the toggle, and drives it into the mast above the cross-trees. Down he comes about half a dozen rattlins, and in went another nail, and so on till he descended to the main cap, where he took a severe turn with the *tack*, and hammered all fast. At this moment all hands at their quarters were casting one eye aloft, and the other at their gun, like a crow peeping into a pitcher, or a goose at a thunder-cloud. "Huzza!" roared Joe, as he threw out the fly of the ensign, which catching the breeze, waved majestically above us, floating in grandeur, like the Genius of Britain soaring on the wings of Victory. "Huzza!" shouted Joe again, slueing his stern to the Dutchman, and slapping his hand in an inexpressible attitude, while they returned the salute with a round of musketry that, had he not been bomb proof, must have knocked him off his perch. "Huzza!" responded the main and quarter decks; the lower-deck caught the soul-enlivening strain, and three hearty cheers resounded from all hands. At it we went again, like fighting-cocks, for, d'ye see, we expected some of the right sort in the *prizes*—real right arnest Schiedam Ginever. At it we went, while Joe came sliding down the top-mast backstay like a cat. "Weel behaved, my mon, weel behaved! (said the captain—he was a Scotchman, though his name was English.) Troth ye've the spirit of a Highlander. Bring the



warthy soul a glass o' grog ; or mayhap you would like it pure and uncontaminated." Joe preferred the stuff stark naked with the jacket off, and standing on the break of the poop, he held it up to mortify the Dutchman ; but fearing an envious shot might crack the heart of his darling, he turned his back by way of protection, and stowed it away in his spirit-room in an instant. Well, d'ye see, we lay close alongside, locked yard-arm and yard-arm, and hammered away round and grape, great guns and small arms, till Mynheer Van Scatterbrauckens dropped the tackle-falls, mounted their pipes, and thrusting their hands into the breeches pockets of their *small-clothes*, showed they had surrendered. Ah, Duncan was the boy ! He was none of your butterfly gentry—only fit for a summer's cruise. He out-*Witt*-ed the whole of 'em, conquered *Winter*, and hoisted his ensign as the flag of *Liberty*. Mayhap, Mr. What's-your-name, you never saw him, with his open manly countenance, expressive of true courage and benevolence, and his curling locks flowing gracefully over his head ;

A furious lion in battle—so let him ;  
But, duty appeased, in mercy a lamb.

Yes, he'd a heart that could feel for another : and there's not a Tar in Greenwich moorings but reverences his name, for he was their father and their friend : but he's gone (as the chaplain used to tell us,) he's gone the way of all flesh, and poor Joe, too, has lost the number of his mess. He was made a Boatswain before his death, and then he got married ; for he said a Boatswain's warrant wan't worth a rush without the parson's spliced to the end on't, and no Boatswain could carry on duty without a *mate*. But, somehow or other, it proved a misfortunate appointment ; for Mrs. Snatchblock, as soon as the commission was read, topp'd the officer over him, and wanted to be *Master*. "No, no, (says he) Mrs. S., every man to his station, and the cook by the main-sheet. I've fought for my rating, and I'll keep it." But, bless

your heart, what's the use of boasting when the ladies are determined to have their own way, why, d'ye see, she fought for it too ; and as for rating, why she'd rate him all day long, till at last poor Joe gave in ; and it was found one morning that he had *died* in his birth, without a friendly hand to close his sky-lights. I can remember him when he used to sit in the box abaft the skipper, smiling and happy as long as he could see every one else so. After he left the *Belly-quekes*, he was Coxswain to Tommy P—, when he commanded the *Le Juste*, and was a great favourite with his captain. One 4th of June (that's the King's birth-day—good old George that's dead and gone,) all the senior officers of the fleet went ashore from Spithead, rigged out in full uniform, to pay their respects to the commander-in-chief. The tide was ebbing strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and many of the boats landed their captains upon South Sea Beach. Capt. P— was one of the number ; and he and Joe made sail for the admiral's house, through the arched gateway under the ramparts. Well, just as they hauled their wind round the corner by the Marine Barracks, an immense monster of a drayman, with a sack of wet grains on his shoulder, run designedly right aboard of the Captain, and plastered his gold laced coat with sanctum smearem. This was abominably provoking ; so Tommy hove too, and remonstrated with the fellow on his brutality, but he only answered with a volley of curses and abuse. Up comes Joe, like a first rate with a free sheet, lightens the gemman of his cargo, and capsizes him without so much as by your leave. Howsomever, up he roused again in a minute, and Joe stood all ready to strap a block with him ; but, "hold, avast ! (cried P—) the quarrel's mine ; I want no man to fight for me. As for you, y' unmannerly scoundrel, I'll— ; but come along, come along ;" and so he cotched hold of his arm, and some of the marines the other, and took him into the barrack-yard. A ring was formed, and

when the fellow found 'twas in earnest, he began to mumble excuses, like a witch saying her prayers. "No, no, (says Tommy) you insulted me like a blackguard, and now you shall have blackguard's play for it." So he unbuckles his sword, and dowses his coat and hat, while the drayman stripped ship to bare-poles. Joe claimed the honour of standing by this officer, and took his station second-him—heart-him, as they say in the classics; and a companion performed the same office for his opponent, who expected to make a mere plaything of the captain, and displayed his two enormous fists, like a couple of sixty-eight pounders: but he little thought who he had to deal with. The first round the *skipper* made him *hop*; for though the brewer was by far the more powerful man, and showed ribs like a seventy-four, yet Tommy possessed science, and worked round him like a cooper round a cask, making his mash-tub rattle again. Round after round followed to the great amusement of the Royals, and the heady-fication of the brewer, who began to get all in a work, and couldn't give it *vent*. At last, in the fourteenth round, Tommy

*lapp'd* him on the nose, and that was a cooler (one of his eyes was already *bunged* up,) so he drew off and gave in, after being soundly thrashed to his heart's content. The captain clapped on his rigging again, and bore up for one of the officer's births, where he got his forecastle swabb'd and his gear refitted; and then off he set again, with a comely black eye, to wait upon the admiral. The tale was told, and orders about to be issued for a warrant to apprehend the man; but Captain P— (who considered he had already received punishment enough) requested that he might be left to his own painful roomynations and the cure of his bruises. But I have been spinning you a long yarn, Mr. What's-your-name, and all about nothing, for the barge's crew was what I meant to talk about. Ah! that's the subject nearest my heart; it connects all the remembrances of early life and old friends. Howsomever, I shall see you again, and then you shall have all their histories from beginning to end.

AN OLD SAILOR.\*

\* At this *dead* time of the year, we take up our lively "Old Sailor" again with pleasure; and we dare hope that his Barge's Crew will be welcome to our friends. So let him show them up, as he says, after the classics, "second-him heart-him."—Ed.

#### FACETIE BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ.

OR,

#### The Old English Jesters.

A BANQUET OF IEASTS. OR CHANGE OF CHEARE. BEING A COLLECTION OF

{ MODERNE JESTS  
WITTY JEERES  
PLEASANT TAUNTS  
MERRY TALES }

NEVER BEFORE IMPRINTED. LONDON, PRINTED FOR RICHARD ROYSTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP IN IVIELANE NEXT THE EXCHEQUER-OFFICE. 1630. Duodecimo, containing 192 pages, besides title, index, and preliminary matter, 22.

The following extracts are taken from the first edition.

*Of a Country Man and a Constable.* (1.)

A simple country-man having terme business in London, and being somewhat late abroad in the night, was staid by a constable, and somewhat harshly entreated. The poore man obseruing how imperiously he

commanded him, demanded of him what hee was? to whom he replied, "I am the constable, and this is my watch." "And I pray you, sir, for whom watch you?" saith the man. "Marry (answered the constable,) I watch for the king." "For the king?" replies he againe simply, "then I beseech you, sir, that I may pass quietly and peaceably by you to my lodging, for I can bring you a certificate from some of my neighbours who are now in towne, that I am no such man."

*A Young Heire.* (14.)

A young heire not yet come to age, but desirous to bee suited with other gallants, and to bee furnisht with money and commodities to the purpose, the creditor demanded his bond: hee granted it conditionally, that his father should not know of it, therefore wisht it to bee done very priuately. Vpon this promise all things were concluded, and the time came when he should



seale it. But when hee beganne to read in the beginning of the bond *nouerint vni-versi—Bee it knowne vnto all men*—he cast away the bond, and absolutely refused to seale it, saying, “if it be knowne vnto all men, how can it possibly bee, *but it must come to my father's ears?*”

*One traouelling to Rome.* (22.)

A gentleman of England traouelling with his man to Rome, desirous to see all fashions, but especially such rarities as were there to be seene, was, by the mediation of some friends there resident, admitted into the Pope's presence; to whom his holinesse offered his foote to kisse, which the gentleman did with great submission and reuerence. This his man seeing, and not before acquainted with the like ceremony, presently makes what speed he can to get out of the presence; which some of the wayters espying, and suspecting his hast, stayd him, and demanded the cause of his so suddaine speed; but the more they importune him, the more he prest to be gone: but being further vrged, he made this short answer—truly, saith he, this is the cause of my feare, that if they compell my mas-

ter, being a gentleman, to kisse the Pope's foote, *I feare what part they will make me kisse*, being but his serving man.

*A young Master of Arts.* (44.)

A young master of art the very next day after the commencement, hauing his course to common place in the chappell, where were diuers that the day before had took their degree, tooke his text out of the eighth chapter of Iob, the words were these; “We are but of yesterday, and know nothing.” This text (saith he) doth fitly diuide it selfe into two branches, *our standing*, and *our understanding*; our standing in these words, *wee are but of yesterday*, our vnderstanding, *we know nothing*.

*A Welch Reader.* (116.)

A Welchman reading the chapter of the genealogie, where Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, ere he came to the midst hee found the names so difficult, that he broke off in these words—“and so they begat one another till they came to the end of the chapter.”

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE LILY.

I cannot love yon gentle flow'r,  
E'en though it looks so soft and fair:  
Its silvery hue recalls an hour  
Which memory has not learn'd to bear.

I hear them praise its beauteous form,  
Its snowy vest, and drooping head;  
And feel that once it could adorn  
The clay-cold breast of CATH'INE dead.\*

Then Fancy pictures all the past,  
The death-bed scene, the dying groan;  
The face, where beauty fled so fast;  
The eye, whose every beam was flown;

The placid smile; the marble brow,  
Shaded with dark and glossy hair;  
The lips, where life's last feeble glow  
Had left the rose expiring there.

They deck'd with flowers the silent clay;  
With sweetest herbs the coffin drest;  
In her cold hand the jasmine lay,  
The *Lily* wither'd on her breast.

I gaz'd upon my sister's face,  
And trembling stood in fear and dread:  
Nothing of CATH'INE could I trace  
In that pale form, so still and dead.

I saw the eye for ever clos'd,  
Where filial love so brightly shone;—  
Each soothing smile in death repos'd,  
And every gentle grace was gone.

I long'd her icy hand to kiss,  
But shrunk in agony and fear:  
To weep had then been almost bliss,  
But, no—I could not shed a tear.

Some flow'rs the lovely ruin grac'd,  
What met my sight I cannot tell;  
I only saw the *Lily* plac'd  
Where every virtue lov'd to dwell.

Eleven years have pass'd away,  
And still the *Lily* can impart  
A thought to cloud life's fairest day,  
A pang to wound a Sister's heart. J. D.†

† We have reason to believe that these lines are the production of a youthful female, and sent to us by a friend without her knowledge. Their simplicity and feeling impress us very strongly; and we are convinced that nothing of cultivation is wanted to rank the possessor of so fine a mind high among poets, but a further study of the mechanism and niceties of composition. *Ed.*

\* The author's elder sister, who died in the 18th year of her age.

## LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Oh monstrous—oh strange—we are haunted!  
Pray, masters, fly—masters, help!—*Mid. Night's Dr.*

**T**HERE is something good humor-  
ed in Irish superstition—some-  
thing *qui donne de la joie dans la*  
*peur*. We have no witches—none of  
those ugly, ill favoured, earthly reali-  
ties, which brutalize and stupify the  
minds of a portion of our own boors;  
but there is scarce a hill, a lough, a  
dingle, a *fort*, or an old ruin, which  
does not call up within the peasant's  
mind some wild and poetically fearful  
association.

*Knuck Fierna.*

The hill of the fairies. This is the  
loftiest mountain in the county of Lim-  
erick, and lifts its double peak on  
the Southern side, pretty accurately,  
I believe, dividing it from Cork.  
Numberless are the tales related of  
this hill by the *carmen* who have been  
benighted near it on their return from  
the latter city, which is the favourite  
market for the produce of their dai-  
ries. That there is a *Siobrug* or fairy  
castle in the Mount, no one in his  
senses presumes to entertain a doubt.  
On the summit of the highest peak is  
an unfathomable well, which is held  
in very great veneration by the pea-  
santry. It is by some supposed to  
be the entrance to the court of their  
tiny mightinesses. A curious fellow  
at one time had the hardihood to cast  
a stone down the orifice; and then  
casting himself on his face and hands,  
and leaning over the brink, waited to  
ascertain the falsity of this supposition  
by the reverberation, which he doubt-  
ed not would soon be occasioned by  
the missile reaching the bottom. But  
he met with a fate scarcely less tragi-  
cal than that of poor Pug, who set  
fire to the match of a cannon, and  
then must needs run to the mouth to  
see the shot go off. Our speculator  
had his messenger returned to him  
with a force that broke the bridge of  
his nose, locked up both his eyes,  
and sent him down the hill at the  
rate of four furlongs per second, at

the foot of which he was found sense-  
less next morning.

*King Finvar's\* Cattle.*

Between this mountain and the  
river Shannon there is a small lake,  
concerning which a very extraordinary  
report was circulated a few years  
back. Some people indeed may  
imagine it a little too improbable to  
lend a very ready credence to it, but  
I can assure them that its veracity  
was not even questioned at the time  
it took place. The lake or lough to  
which I allude is a very pretty one,  
although it is disfigured on one side  
by a piece of ugly bog. On the East,  
it is overlooked by a hill which makes  
a very sudden descent on its bank;  
but the slope is delightfully covered  
with mountain ash, birch, and hazel  
trees, so as to form a very pleasant  
contrast to the dreary flat opposite.  
At the northern end of the water,  
among patches of rude crag, and oc-  
casional spots of green, a few thatched  
hovels or cabins are huddled together,  
so as to form a something indescriba-  
bly miserable in appearance, which is  
dignified with the appellation of a vil-  
lage: it is called *Killimicat*. Not  
very far from this, and on the borders  
of the lake—But what are these sto-  
ries worth if taken out of the mouth  
of the original narrator? I shall give  
this to you as I had it myself:—"You  
see that little meadow there over-  
right us, Sir,—that was the little spot  
that Morty Shannon took from the  
master. Morty was a snug *sculog*  
then, and very well to do there, as I  
hear; but a stronger man than he  
was could not stand any thing of a  
loss in such times as they were.  
Morty wondered what was it that  
used to spoil the growth of his meadow.  
There was no sign of trespass from  
the neighbours, for the bounds were  
good, and their cattle were all *span-*  
*celled*. But so it was: sorrow bit of  
grass did he ever cut on the field for

\* A famous fairy monarch.



two years. At last, knowing it to be a good bit of ground, he resolved to sit up of a night to see what was used to be there: and so he did, himself and his two sons. About twelve o'clock, as they were standing, as it might be this way, what should they see rising out of the lake only a fine big cow and seven heifers, and they making towards his little field. '*Tha guthine!*' says Morty to himself, 'is this the way of it?' So he beckoned to his sons to come *betune* them and the lake, and turn them into the pound. The old cow seen what they were about, and, without ever spaking a word, made a dart right between the two sons and into the water with her. But the heifers they drove home, and inclosed them in a paddock, where they staid for a year; until one evening the *gorsoon* forgot to lock the gate, when they all made off into the lake, and were never heard of more."

It is said that there is a magnificent palace under this water, one of whose turrets is visible above the surface in

a dry summer. This report is quite as well attested as the other.

#### Old Raths.

These very ancient places are a favourite haunt of the elves; and woe to the hardy man who dares to apply the axe or the spade to tree, shrub, or soil, in these hallowed spots. They are very numerous scattered over the face of the country, and form great eye-sores to the improving class of landholders, who have acquired wit enough to condemn the superstition, but lack courage to adventure first in the cause of common sense. I knew one stout man who lost an eye in the attempt to root out an old thorn on one of these places; another who had a fine meadow *turned up* and destroyed for his pains; and a third, who declared that the very night after he had superintended an exploit of a similar kind, he saw three *siteogs*, in the shape of strapping *bucaughs*, take each a *cleave* of turf from the *reek* in front of his house. The reality of this latter appearance I was not at all inclined to question. O.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

The almost unequalled success of *Der Freischutz* having thrown the novelties prepared for this Theatre a little into arrear, the Proprietor favoured us with two new pieces on the same evening—*Jonathan in England*, and *The Frozen Lake*; the former the acknowledged production of Mr. Peake, and the latter attributed, and we believe correctly, to Mr. Planche. *Jonathan in England*, as its title implies, contains the adventures of that entertaining character during a visit to this country. He is first introduced to us at Liverpool, accompanied by his Nigger, whom he is anxious to "swop for a pony," or dispose of for a certain number of dollars. Here he delivers his "uncle Ben's" letter of introduction, and after getting turned out of the "Waterloo Hotel," for smoking, and brawling with his sable attendant, and meeting with some very absurd and improbable adventures at another inn to which he has thought proper to retire, procures a further recommendation and starts for the metropolis. It so happens, however, that the same gentleman who has recommended our friend Jonathan to Alderman Grossfeeder, has also sent him a postillion, one Natty Larkspur, who is anxious to succeed to the "vacant saddle" of his predecessor; and in the confusion which took place at the inn, in which Natty was a principal

performer, the letters having got exchanged, the American, on his arrival, is taken for the Post-Boy, and "wicey wasey." Here, in the Alderman's family, we are favoured with some amusing equivocation, until the mystery is cleared up, and the characters and persons of Jonathan and the Postillion satisfactorily identified. Mathews, for whom the piece was expressly written, laboured hard for its success, and threw all his little comicalities with great effect into the part of Jonathan; but the principal deficiency is a want of something to do. The phraseology of the character we are already familiarized to, and so far the novelty of the thing is a little worn off. It required therefore to be strengthened by a certain number of ludicrous or ingenious selections to render it additionally entertaining, and as these are but sparingly supplied by the author, the effect is not exactly what we had anticipated, and Jonathan's adventures are, upon the whole, far from satisfactory. The best attempt at character in the piece, is that of the "swan-hopping Alderman;" and the American's interview with the City knight, who is himself a bit of a wag, is very diverting. Keeley had a whimsical little part assigned him, which he played with his accustomed naivete; but the mistakes arising from his intrusion into the traveller's bed-room, have been

dramatized so often as to have become perfectly tedious. The piece indeed, as a whole, will add nothing to Mr. Peake's reputation: it is not, in fact, a dramatic composition—there is too much of the "Wit-snapper" about it. Strings of puns, good, bad, and

indifferent, are very well in their places; but the writer who would earn a lasting reputation must supply us with something better: they will do for the garnish, but are not substantial enough of themselves to furnish out the meal.

## VARIETIES.

### MARGATE HEALTH-HUNTING.

"Come to Margate," says Mrs. Abrahams, "there you will get a colour and an appetite, bless you." Well, down they all go. First they take a warm bath, then a cold bath—floundering about for an hour in the water—stay out sauntering about in the night air...poke themselves into crowded libraries and dancing-rooms—go to bed at break of day—and then come to town in a fever! Thus it has been lately with several; and we at present visit a case which has had a narrow escape from death—all brought on by *health-hunting at Margate*.—Let people, if they go to watering places for health, go to bed at ten o'clock—rise early,—immerse themselves in the water daily, and instantly leave it—live moderate—and mix with the amusements only at proper hours, and they will return with improved health and spirits; but Margate now a-days, since steam came into fashion, is the place to become an invalid.

### LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron, like his predecessors Napoleon and Dr. Johnson, it appears has also had his Boswell, in the person of Captain Medwin, a cousin of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. This gentleman, who we understand is distinguished for his literary attainments, went to Italy in the autumn of 1821 for the benefit of his health, and residing for a considerable period with Lord Byron at Pisa, on the most familiar terms, was in the daily habit of noting down his conversations for his own amusements, and to curious matter for private reference. He alleges, that although the various communications were made to him without any injunctions to secrecy, they would not have been given to the world had it not been for the destruction of his Lordship's own memoirs, which he

considers to have been the inheritance of the public, and their suppression a serious loss.

### AFRICAN LIONS.

The first number of the *South African Journal*, published at the Cape of Good Hope, contains some very interesting details respecting the Lions of that country. The writer says, that beyond the limits of the colony, they are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representation, that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience or inaccurate information. "The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox with ease a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it: and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, above 30 English miles, by a party on horseback; and throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechuano Chief, old Peyshow (now in Cape Town) conversing with me a few days ago, said that the lion very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circum-



stances attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without appearance of either terror or aggression, the animal will in almost every instance after a little space, retire. The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, tho' much doubted by travellers; but, from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote related to me a few days ago by Major Mackintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted to the lion. An Officer in India, well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a Royal Tyger. The rencounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tyger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes, the tyger, which appeared prepared to make his final spring, grew disturbed—slunk aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The Officer turned constantly upon the tyger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above half an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprize; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walk*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents to double quick time."—After relating several terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one, not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Vuuren, a Vee Boor, his neighbour at the Bavian's river:—"Lucas was riding across the open plains about daybreak, and observing a Lion at a distance, he endeavoured to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not dis-

posed to let him pass without further parlance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his *roer* (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the sambok freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh, and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt! In a few seconds he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider. Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scrambled out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the nearest house. Lucas, who gave me the details of this adventure himself, made no observations on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man" without provocation in open day! But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the *saddle*. He returned next day with a party of friends to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said, he could have excused the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as Lucas gravely observed, he could have no possible use) raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape."

#### EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

Our correspondent at Leeds has forwarded to us the following account of one of the most extraordinary phenomena of which we remember to have seen an account in England:—"On Thursday last, the 2d inst. at Haworth, five miles south of Keighley, in the West Riding of York, and on the borders of Lancashire, about six o'clock in the evening, a part of the highlands on the Stanbury-moor opened into a chasm, and sunk to the depth of six yards, in some places exhibiting a ragged appearance, and forming two principal cavities—the one was about 200 yards, and the other not less

than 600 yards in circumference. From these hollows issued 2 immense volumes of muddy water, and uniting at a distance of upwards of 100 yards from their sources, constituted, for about two hours, an overwhelming flood from 40 to 50 (sometimes 70) yards in width, and seldom less than four yards in depth. This dark slimy mixture of mud and water followed the course of a rivulet, overflowing its banks for 20 or 30 yards on each side, and to the distance of seven or eight miles from the immediate irruption; all this way there is deposited a black moorish substance, varying from eight to 36 inches in depth, and mixed occasionally with sand and rocky fragments, pieces of timber, and uprooted trees, which had been borne along by the impetuous torrent. This heavy and powerful stream broke down one solid stone bridge, made breaches in two others, clogged up and stopped several mills, laid flat and destroyed several whole fields of corn, and overthrew to the foundation several hedges and walls. In its course it entered the houses, floating the furniture about, to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants. At the time of the irruption the clouds were copper-coloured, and lowering; the atmosphere was strongly electric, and unusually close and sultry. There was at the same time loud and frequent thunder, with much zigzag lightnings, peculiarly flaring and vivid. The whole is conjectured by the neighbours to be caused by some subterraneous commotion, the most considerable as to its results that has taken place in the kingdom for many generations. The river Aire, at Leeds, presented the effects of this phenomenon last Friday afternoon: the water that came down the river was in such a polluted state as to have poisoned great quantities of fish; and the water continuing in much the same turbid state, has become entirely useless for culinary purposes as well as for dyers, &c.

#### FOLLOWERS OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTE.

On Saturday week, an application was made for an officer to protect a house near Whitehall, at the back of the County-terrace, New Kent-road. When he got there, he discovered the windows were broken, and the neighbourhood had been greatly disturbed by a crowd of persons who had assembled round the house a few days before. The cause of the crowd assembling was reported to be owing to some ceremonies which were carrying on by the followers of Joanna Southcote; and it was alleged by the spectators, that an old woman was then lying in state to personate the prophetess (Joanna) and that several wax candles were disposed about the room. The old Lady who had thus undertaken to perform the part of a corpse, had so well executed her task, that it was almost doubtful, on the first glance, whether she was or was not a corpse. Prayers were offered up by a sort of High Priest of the prophetess. While this was being carried on, the crowd

on the outside were very noisy. However, nothing serious occurred, and the ceremony was completed. Another day a pig was killed and placed in a coffin; it was then carried to Norwood, where it was burnt. The ashes were collected and preserved, and a portion of them was folded up in paper, and given to the believers. The animal was accompanied to the place where it was burnt by a considerable party, some armed with sabres. The house, in which the ceremony of lying in state was performed, on being inspected, betrayed that apprehensions had been entertained by the occupiers, that it might possibly be entered by the Police, for it was completely stripped of all the paraphernalia of Office, not a book nor a vestige of the ceremony having been left behind.

#### LONGEVITY.

In the commune of Esladens, Upper Garonne, there died on the 22d ult. a man of the name of Stephen Baque, who was upwards of 124 years of age. He was born on the 16th of January, 1700. For the last sixty years, he constantly traversed the Pyrenees, collecting medicinal herbs, and living on the charity of the peasantry. The excess of alms which his extraordinary reputation for sanctity obtained, he distributed among the poor; and, relying on general benevolence, he repeatedly refused the succours even of Government. His grotesque dress excited surprise, and his piety commanded respect wherever he went. His memory, which continued unimpaired to the last, was so strong as to enable him to recognize his friends after 50 or 60 years of absence, and recount to youngsters of 80, the occurrences which took place in the days of their grandfathers.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is whispered about, that the author of "Pleasures of Hope" has a volume of Poetry in the press; consisting of one principal, and several minor poems.

The author of the "Stories of Old Daniel," &c. &c. has a new work in the press, entitled "The Sisters of Nansfield, a Tale for young Women."

Mr. Boaden's *Life of Mr. Kemble* is now in the press.

"Fire-side Scenes," by the author of the "Bachelor and Married Man," will appear early next season.

In the press, "Dunallan, or the Methodist Husband," in 3 vols. 12mo. by the author of "Decision," "Father Clement," &c.

"Tales of the Crusaders," by the author of "Waverley," are announced as being in the press, and may be expected about the end of November.

#### NEW WORKS.

The Improvisatrice, 2d edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Bidcombe Hill, a Poem, 8vo. 7s.—Poems for a Melancholy Hour, 12mo. 5s.—Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, 4th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Dufane Family, 12mo. 4s.—The Two Mothers, by the author of 'Emma and her Nurse,' 12mo.